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"When Will Spring Come?" PAGE 16.

VINTON'S POEMS:

TRANSLATIONS, MISCELLANEOUS, SACRED AND HUMOROUS.

BY

J. D. VINTON, M. D.

of Phila

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PREFACE.

Though many may think the poems in this volume do not possess as high poetic imagery as they would desire to see, yet it must be remembered that they are mine—pictures from my own mind. But if there is, as I earnestly believe there is, a healthy undertone in them, I certainly have a right to ask that it be duly considered, and that the volume be not hastily cast aside on account of its apparent imperfections.

Perhaps no one was ever more keenly sensible of the vanity of human hopes than I am at the present time, to see the various typographical errors that have escaped my notice until it is too late to correct them, and to know that I must bear the charge of negligence.

Some of the poems were written while engaged in Sunday School work, and were at that time adapted to music and copyrighted by myself; but, of course, any of them may be copied by others if the common courtesy of proper acknowledgement be made.

Though the whole performance may possess but little merit in the eyes of some, still, I believe there is nothing in the volume that can mislead an honest mind, or can be construed as a desire, on my part, to teach error. Hoping that any who may read my book may find something in it to please and instruct, I remain a wisher of much good to all.

J. D. V.

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POEMS.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

The day was long; and long a mother watched
Beside her child. The floods of scalding tears,
That trickled down her burning cheeks, spoke words
Of sorrow. Sadly beamed her eyes, inflamed
By long and anxious watchings, for her son—
Her only son—was wrestling now with Death.
Big drops of sweat, as near his couch she sat
Reclining, rolled in briny floods upon
Her tear-washed handkerchief, and oft she sought
To hide the fountains of her grief. She gazed,
As motionless she sat, upon that form
Of which she must her last look take, ere morn
Should turn again the shades of night. She thought,
As well she might, how desolate, how sad
Would be her lowly cot when he should die.
Peace! peace to her! She had a hope above!
Her God she loved, and to Him oft she prayed.

Then, down beside her dying son she knelt;
And, placing on his manly brow her hand—
Where stood Death's clammy drops—she prayed awhile

In silent prayer, and with her God she left
The care of her son's life. While kneeling thus,
Her heart was more at ease. She smiled—her God
Was near.

Her son was calmly sleeping yet.
Unheard, her seat where first she sat she took,
And there once more her anxious watch resumed.

That night the glorious sun went to its rest
With beauty, as she thought, ne'er seen before.
Sweet glances through her window clad with vines
She stole. Green fields of grain, of waving grass,
And trees, were spread before her, tinged with gold,
As o'er their bending tops the parting sun
Was shedding his last ray. The distant wood
Was bristling with tall trees that pierced the flood
Of golden light, till back the mountains high
The blazing sun retired.

But still she gazed.
Beneath gray light were gardens spread with flowers,
Disporting Flora's richest summer dress;
On these she looked through latticed fences white,
Till on her own her eyes she rested last.
No needless thing grew there. That little spot
Was all she called her own. Her will was not
To cherish beauty, but to nourish life
Her aim supreme. 'Twas there she daily saw
The ruling goodness of a loving God,
Who fails not, as each changing season rolls,
To give His needy ones their full supply.

Entranced with thoughts like these—as one forgets
When dreamy sleep comes stealing o'er the mind—
She noticed not that from the bed arose
No breathing sound. Then starting up, amazed,
And bowing closely o'er his bed, she paused
With heaving breast, to learn the sudden cause.
Then, where should beat his heart her hand she pressed,
But quickly it withdrew, and wept aloud.
Where life should linger, nestled Death, and there
With sharp convulsions, stung her palsied hand.
He breathed no more! His soul to rest had gone!
In stillness came Death's angel, and as still
He left, but triumphed, and in peace he bore
A willing spirit up to Him who gave.

The mother wept; and turning up towards heaven
Her hands and eyes, to God once more she prayed,
With earnest supplications for his grace
In her bereavement. There she cast her soul,
In all its fullness, 'neath his gracious throne.
She prayed not for her son's return; but that
At God's right hand he might be found, when she
Should there appear, where long ago had gone
The loved companion of her early life,
For she a widow was. Her prayer was heard;
And to her, while she prayed, relief was sent.

The day had come to bear him to his last
Abode, and she a weeping mourner, sad
And lonely, mingled in the moving train.
Where lay the sleeping dead, they bent their way,

Through streets with stirring population full,
Who, casting half unheeded glances, turned
Away. Yon open gate revealed at length
The silent place where dust returns to dust.
Though numerous groups of people passed, yet none
Betrayed more than a casual glance, and passed
As if 'twere nothing strange. But, moving slow,
Another group them from the gate approached.
An open grave was waiting for its charge,
And but a few more steps would reach it. Death
Triumphant! careless now may be, nor fear
The loss of what its fatal sting has brought!

One from the little group, with magic in
His firm and measured step, draws near, and though
Like one of middle life, yet in his look
There seemed a something that could ne'er grow old.
Humiliation in his walk he showed.
And from his presence glowed immortal light.
The widow's grief seemed weighing on his mind,
For one of deep sincerity did he
Appear, and one who knew the mighty power
Of Death; and as he nearer came was turned
Upon him every eye. The mother caught
His pitying glance, then turned himself away.
She thought, like her he might a mourner be,
Who had within the tomb not long since placed
A near—a cherished friend. The thought how sad
Might his condition be, caused tears to flow
Afresh, for she had lost her only son.

Before her stood the stranger; and with words
That soothed the troubles of her mind, he bade

Her weep no more! O words of wondrous power!
Weep not when thus bereft? when sorrow drops
Like drenching rain upon the ember small?
What cheerless comfort, yet how comforting!
How grief is conquered now! Who could this be
That simple words should bear such magic power?

She saw him nearing those who bore her son,
And as he touched the silent, dark-robed bier,
All stood in breathless silence. Then, aloud,
He bade the young man rise; to lay aside
The iron bands of Death! The Dead was dead
No longer, but alive and sitting where
His soul returned. The mother then was called,
And mid the cries of joy and flow of tears,
She, from the stranger's hand, received her son.

The stranger and his group then moved away.
Within th' astonisned train each stood amazed,
Forgetting where or what they were, or for
What object they were met. The mother wept
For joy, and cried aloud that Christ, the Son
Of God, must be the stranger's name! It was!
But he had gone! yes. gone—they knew not where!

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

I love to roam, when twilight dies,
  Amid the leafy grove,
Where evening breathes her farewell sighs,
  Where summer breezes rove,
For there my musing thoughts incline
To read the works of hands divine.

When long the sun adorns the hills
  Where sparkling waters fall;
When summer air its dew distills,
  Refreshing over all;
Then forest plants their beauty show,
'Neath shadows swaying to and fro.

The thoughtful mind alone perceives
  A beauty in the wood,
A pleasant thought in tinted leaves—
  An emblem of the good—
And knows the trees, with graceful nod,
Are beckoning it from earth to God.

Such pleasant scenes are ne'er forgot,
  By those who nature love,
For holy spirits guard the spot,
  From hallowed courts above;
Nor can the ills of life abound,
While thus surrounded they are found.

Ere darkness spreads her somber shade,
  Gray twilight comes with smiles,

And Nature's songsters, softly laid,
Rest in their sky-bound isles:
Rest sweetly while the balmy breeze
Sings parting songs among the trees.

Now through the wood, so dim and still,
The milk-maid's voice I hear,
And herds come bounding down the hill,
With lowings loud and clear;
And then what clattering noises ring,
As o'er the bars the cattle spring.

The ox, delivered from the plow,
Has sought the cooling shade,
Too weary to be grazing now,
So in the brakes is laid:
He snuffs the fragrant, greenwood airs,
And for to-morrow's work prepares.

The bleating flock around I see,
Have laid them down to rest;
But skipping lambs so joyously
The sleeping fold infest,
That weary dams are kept awake,
Till night-shades brood both land and lake.

Emerging from yon mountain height,
The moon rolls up her way,
Surrounded by attendants bright,
Which round her pathway play;
But power divine controls the helm
That guides the train through Nature's realm.

How grand are all these scenes to man,
The fever of whose love
Is reading the eternal plan
Of Him enthroned above:—
Of Him who marks the proper sphere
For erring mortals toiling here.

But when our days draw near a close;
When sinks our setting sun;
When wearied mortals seek repose;
When twilight work is done:
Then scenes more fair than earth can show,
In brighter regions we may know.

WHEN WILL SPRING COME.

The barren trees, stripped of their leaves,
Across the streets faint shadows throw,
Where once green roots lie buried deep,
Beneath the shroud of cold, white snow.
The traveler finds the shade no more,
Where once he sat in Summer heat,
But as the cold winds blow, he asks,
With freezing breath and aching feet,
"When will Spring come, when will it come?"

The birds that once sung in the bower
At early dawn, or late at night,
When fell the soft, reviving shower,
Or shed the sun his dazzling light,

Winter Evening Amusement.

Have sought another distant clime,
To build their nests with many a song,
While blustering storms of Winter-time,
Bring us this sighing strain along,
"When will Spring come, when will it come?"

The once green fields are sleeping now,
As if vitality were fled,
Congealed beneath the robe of snow,
That overspreads a freezing bed.
The valley and the hillside view;
The woody grove, and plain, all seem
To murmur on their death-bed too,
The strains of this unanswered dream,
"When will Spring come, when will it come?"

The brook has lost one-half its noise,
Enchained by Winter's icy band,
Though giving still enlivening joys,
To those who clasp its frozen hand.
Its stifled murmurs—half unheard,
As down the mountain heights they leap—
Seem like the strains of some lone bird,
That mutters sadly—half asleep—
"When will Spring come, when will it come?"

True, steeds may fly with jingling bells,
Down streets that seem with glass o'erlaid;
But how the music plainly tells,
Of what frail hopes such sports are made!
How rapidly they pass us now!
Now fainter are as on they bound,

Where storm-clouds with an unbared brow,
Take up the same imploring sound,
"When will Spring come, when will it come?"

'Twill soon be here! The sun attends
His daily rounds from year to year,
Awhile each season sweetly blends,
To make the shades of life appear.
As higher up he mounts the sky,
The dawn of Spring comes in his train,
And glad we hear the last good-bye,
As breaks the Winter's icy chain,
When Spring has come, when Spring has come!

GRANT IT TRUE.

When I'm done with pain and toil,
Resting 'neath my native soil,
Where no longer sins can foil
The good I think to do,
Shall I bear a conqueror's palm,
In a land of heavenly calm?
Dear Saviour, grant it true!

If erelong I take my flight,
Be it day or be it night,
Only that I keep in sight
The good I have in view—
With the blood-washed shall I stand,
In that fair celestial land?
Oh, Saviour! grant it true!

Though so swiftly fly my years,
Witnessing my bitter tears,
As I feel the doubts and fears
I'm daily passing through;
Shall I not in that last day,
Go where these have passed away?
O, Saviour, grant it true.

Since so oft I've been deceived,
With a hope almost achieved,
Leaving me still unrelieved
Of ills that seem in view;
Can a brighter home be found,
When they've laid me in the ground?
Blessed Saviour, grant it true.

When my time shall come to go,
And the joys I've longed to know
O'er me seem to cast a glow,
As fades life's sable hue,
Shall I find one faithful Friend,
Who will bear me to the end?
Yes, Saviour, grant it true!

Let the wicked laugh and sneer;
Hope at times give way to fear;
Friends as oft like foes appear,
And rend my heart anew;
Shall I not still stronger grow,
As I upward, homeward go?
Dear Saviour, grant it true!

Saviour, then for Thee I wait,
Praying early, praying late,
For relief from sins I hate,
Which to death pursue;—
Wilt Thou not thus comfort me,
Here or there, where'ere I be?
Dear Saviour, grant it true!

THE POET'S TROUBLES.

What darkness clouds his weary mind,
Poetic love has tried to bind,
When friends around him gather,
And bring their nonsense into play,
Which can no more be kept at bay
Than flies in dog-days weather.

Transported with a brilliant thought,
In Fancy's net so nicely caught,
From whirling seas of troubles,
Yet he must feign to hear their chat,
Of this thing first and then of that,
Till all has turned to bubbles.

Though boiling blood runs in his veins,
He tries to soothe the vexing pains,
Till patience quits its station;
Then choking with internal rage,
He turns in madness from the page,
And gives a sharp oration.

But while they gab—like beehive hum—
Still darker shadows o'er him come
  Without the least cessation!
Though tongues are wearied at their task,
Ten thousand questions still they ask,
  Increasing such vexation.

If nothing more they find to say—
Of solid comforts by the way—
  They turn their words to taunting;
Though not a whit of common-sense
Uplifts a hand in their defence,
  They call it quite enchanting.

A frenzy seizes on his brain,
When all his labors prove in vain,
  To quell the insurrection;
But so it is—a boundless scope
Of wild disasters without hope,
  Without the least connection.

Their thoughts at random, windward fly,
From house to land, then reasons why,
  And also of their money;
Though neither wit nor welcome mirth
Bursts from their lips, of special worth,
  They always call it funny.

Perhaps his back receives a stroke;
Perhaps they throw a half-meant joke,
  To fill his mind with wonder;
But now to scold would be no use;—

'Twould only be of words abuse,
And burst a cloud of thunder.

The next may be a neighbor's call,
In urgent business drowning all,
Without regard to manners;
Perhaps he comes an honest friend,
In social chat an hour to spend,
With Betts and aged Hannahs.

Though in the deepest train of thought,
The bell is heard. Then, run or not,
One loses all reflection;
And such a flow of noisy words—
Like humming clouds of frighted birds—
Would change a dark complexion.

How is the poet when he hears
Such mortal buzzings round his ears
In one outright commotion?
How could a mind, though e'er so strong,
Prepare and sing a noble song,
With such a stormy portion?

Thus wrapped in dark bewilderment,—
With dreams poetic almost spent,
He leaves his pen in sorrow;
Though sad indeed, he loves his friends,
And patiently the moments spends,
But hopes no more to-morrow!

NELLIE AND I.

We met as two fond hearts should meet,
  Naught else to do the while,
Than sip at love's o'erflowing fount,
  And on each other smile.

My Nellie seemed an angel, quite,
  As her I fondly neared;
I felt as if at midnight dark,
  Bright daylight had appeared.

Around her neck my arms I placed;
  She, yielding like a lamb,
Thus softly lisped: "If me you want,
  Just take me as I am!"

Upon her tempting, rosy lips,
  I placed the signal kiss,
When, creeping through my soul, I felt
  A most ecstatic bliss.

What heavenly smiles played o'er her face!
  Her eyes bewitching fair!
And all she said was simply this:
  "Please leave another there!"

Another, and another still,
  Fell like the big-drop rain,
And seemed to give, like nothing else,
  A bliss without a pain.

THE ANGEL OF SLEEP.

When twilight soft from earth has faded,
And round me darkness thickly falls,
A spirit from some mystic region
My soul away most sweetly calls;
Away from toil, from pain and sorrow,
Away where all distractions cease,
To scenes of bliss, of hope and pleasure,
Where all is peace.

Unconscious of the ills that gather
When fall the cheerless shades of night,
I drop into a realm of glory,
O'erflowing with a sea of light—
A matchless sea of joy and beauty,
Whose radiant waves with light increase,
While o'er me stands an angel watcher—
My guard of peace.

So let me sleep while thus around me
Remains my unseen guard so true:
Life's varying scenes may fly or linger;
Approaching ills becloud my view;
But when this sleep of life shall vanish,
And death my weary soul release,
Oh, let some other spirit waft me
Where all is peace!

THE COUNTRY'S CALL.

O, land of Freedom, native land!
For thee my heart is sighing,
Since traitors raise a mighty hand,
To tear thy banner from its stand,
And set their pennants flying!
It is thy cry for help I hear,
And loud that cry is falling!
O, how it strikes the patriot's ear,
And brings the quick responsive cheer,
"I'll go, for 'tis my country calling!"

Then home and friends I leave to go
Where right resists oppression.
The shafts of death fly thick I know;
Upon the field my blood may flow
With life in its possession:
And though the cry to some hath charms,
To some it sounds appalling!
But hear them answer—those in arms,
From studies, workshops, counters, farms—
"I'll go, for 'tis my country calling!"

Who would not be a volunteer,
His country's rights defending?
Though friends we love, and homes are dear,
We love them most when least we fear,
In freedom's cause contending.

O, hear the songs of glory swell
O'er those so nobly falling!
Though clashing arms and cannon tell
Of battles' rage and carnage fell,
I'll go, for 'tis my country calling.

THE POET'S UMBRELLA.

(Supposed to have been presented by a young lady.)

Yes, now my dear friend, you are acting with sense,
In ceasing to hide at Umbrella's expense,
Though well I observed it and saw the fair art
You used to unburden an o'erflowing heart.
It beareth no evil! It cannot do so!
For you I have great admiration I know!
And how can I show it unless you come forth,
A queen of affection, a woman of worth,
Nor seek to retreat (though it be but in fun),
To the form of a thing to keep of the sun?

Has Cupid, indeed, just touched with his dart,
The tenderest spot in the depths of your heart?
Ah! do not deny it! I know you will not!
I asked him to do it and showed him the spot;
Yet well did I know that the shy, modest maid,
Would seek a retreat in some conjured up shade,
But did not, 'tis true, dream what it would be,
The shade of a house, umbrella or tree.

I am satisfied now there is more in reserve
Than yet I have dreamed of. You only need nerve
To offer devotions most ardent and true;
Then why such a passion thus try to subdue?
I'm but a frail mortal—a child as it were—
Well pleased with caresses, yet in them may err;
But though such a part I in weakness should play,
I feel most assured you would not go astray.

Then listen, my friend, as you stand in the sun,
There is sounding of battle which has scarcely begun!
There are passions to conquer; foes revel within;
Armies muster without; what a clangor and din!
Yet a peace reigns within when a genial young heart,
From virtue's caresses feels spring-blossoms start;
And though, like Aurora or Twilight, may blush
The cheeks of my maiden with hectic-like flush,
There's pleasure imparted unequaled, unknown,
In aught other place of a world like our own;
So, therefore, in bashfulness never retire
From honest expression of what you desire;
And when it shall rain and you want an umbrella,
I'll carry one for you if claimed as your——

"FELLER."

AWAKE! AWAKE!

Awake! awake! the day-beams break,
In golden colors flaunting,

But seem as still, o'er vale and hill,
As wizard wands enchanting!
Oh, haste away nor let the day
In idleness be wasted;
The groves bespeak the joys we seek,
In pleasures yet untasted.

The farm-yard knows how daylight grows,
Fast o'er the country spreading;
The bleating flocks among the rocks,
Their beaten paths are treading.
The lowing herds, the singing birds,
The brooks that skirt the valley,
All bear along their marching song,
In morning's early rally.

Awake! awake! while day-beams break,
And to the mountains hasten;
The fragrant air the breezes bear,
Will every evil chasten,
Though mists may lie on mountains high,
E'en to the vale inclining,
Yet when the morn has come and gone,
They're in the bright clouds shining.

Oh! then awake, while day-beams break,
And drink from pleasure's fountain;
There's glowing health—man's greatest wealth—
In climbing up the mountain!

The Farm-yard.

TO NIAGARA.

O, matchless Fall! with unbarred doors,
  Impetuous o'er thy shelving rocks,
Admit the raging, ceaseless roars,
  Of ever-during earthquake shocks.

Upon thy brow creative Power
  Displays his approbative hand,
Where rushing torrents, every hour,
  Commingling fall at his command.

Fair flowers gaze wildly o'er thy side,
  Down where thy thundering waters fall
In an abyss of gaping pride,
  That, never ceasing, swallows all.

Proud from the verge of that abyss,
  Wave after wave expanding falls,
Down where the furious billows hiss
  Against thine adamantine walls.

Then, o'er th' unwearied, rising sun,
  Stretched to the highest point of heaven,
A cloud of vapor, pale and wan,
  By thine own heedless flood is driven.

Oh! what deceitful banks are thrown
  As guards around thy hoary head,
With fragrant flowers and grass o'ergrown,
  To crumble 'neath a fairy's tread!

Knew ye the thoughts of those who fell—
As broke the earth on which they stood—
When whirling down they went to swell
The tumult of thy maddened flood?

Lo! thousands look with wondering gaze—
With fearful eye and dizzy brain,
On thee, as loud thy thunders praise
The God of Nature's wide domain.

Roar on! Yes, drink the rainbow hues,
That crown thy head with glorious light;
Or frown with bold, majestic views,
When lightnings flash thy stormy height.

O, God of all! 'Tis here I see
The power of thine almighty hand,
And learn that those who trust in Thee,
In everlasting glory stand.

STAND AT YOUR POST.

Stand at your post, O faint-hearted man!
Give not an inch when duty is plain;
Work with a will to do what you can,
Though hypocrites laugh while you are in pain.

Stand at your post and ever be true!
Bear the reproaches deceivers will bring;
Slanderers' tongues may ever pursue,
But you for the truth still faithfully cling.

Stand at your post, but not like a fool,
Thinking what every one says must be true;
Be your own master, and make it a rule,
To give what you hear a thorough review.

Stand at your post and never give up,
When in a cause you know you are right;
Feel not obliged to taste every cup,
Nor do in the dark what you fear in the light.

Stand at your post, nor tremble with fear,
Though a strong arm may brandish the rod;
Chastenings may come—the pain be severe,
But yield not the right above the green sod.

Stand at your post, but be not too fast;
Many there are to lead you astray;
Some will be friends as long as they last,
Then thunder their curses the rest of the way.

Stand at your post—stand worthy of life—
Not like a faint-hearted coward at bay!
Life is a warfare—fearful the strife,
So fight your own battles with little to say.

Stand at your post, and when tempters arise,
Calmly inquire: "Now are you all right?"
Then see the retreat these fellows devise,
And how like a fog they vanish from sight!

Stand at your post though others do wrong,
Making your name as bad as they can!

Though they insult you, in patience be strong,
And live like an honest, respectable man.

Stand at your post, and when troubles arise,
Every one knows just what you will do;
Then pulling and hauling no misanthrope tries,
To make you a slave after pulling you through.

Stand at your post in business or trade;
Rascals will cheat you as oft as they can;
People will laugh to see the game played,
And you made a fool as part of the plan.

Stand at your post wherever you come—
Lagging behind or leading the van;
Then if it happens to you as to some,
That you die a town-pauper, die a true man!

TO MY FATHER.

My father! In my childhood's sunny days,
In days of youth, of innocence and mirth,
When in the paths of merriment I trod,
I've heard them say that thou didst pass away.
Within the silent grave thy form was laid;
Within that dark abode where all must go
To sleep beneath green clods of earth, to rest
Beside those silent dead whose mouldering dust
So long ago returned to mother earth.

Thy son, enjoying then the sports of youth,
Bereft of one who his protection was,
Knew not a mother's grief, though oft he saw
Thy form so cold and stiff in death laid out.
The sorrows which were rending sore her mind,
Disturbed not in the least thy prating son,
Who with his childish toys kept playing on,
As if in quiet sleep thy body lay,
And soon, refreshed, would wake. The meaning dark
Of such sad scenes to one so unconcerned,
Beheld, yet cared not for, though others wept,
Passed, like the idle wind, unnoticed by.

Since then my ears such glowing words have heard,
That e'en thy presence seems once more restored,
And from afar, as then, thou now dost come,
The quiet of a rural home to seek.
But ah! thou art not here, nor do I see—
Though fancy tries to sketch thy portrait true—
For all is dark, obscure—completely blank
The leaves upon the record of my mind.
Still, visions rise; but of their truthfulness
I have no faith, though often I am told
That I to thee do close resemblance bear;
But faint resemblance seems most sure to me.
In dreams I often seek the past; but ah!
My recollections fail, and all is dark,
For memory contains an early page
Which ne'er was filled; or, far too faint, perhaps,
Were the impressions made upon a mind,
Which, now as then, too careless seems,
And places all in sheer forgetfulness.

Thou once wert young, as I who follow thee;
Perhaps, as little dreamed of meeting death
So soon, in life's broad day. Alas! alas!
That hope that seemed through early life so bright,
At length a scheming traitor turned, and fled
As death approached, and thou wert left
Alone to die. Bright prospects often charm
The youthful eye; but when they most expect
The fruits to reap they think their grounds should yield,
Lo! to a dream the traitorous visions turn.
Shall I from life withdraw as thou hast done?
Or, ere I reach thine age, will my time come?
Why talk I thus in madness? Though my head
With silver locks by age be sprinkled o'er,
Yet, as time flies, and in its whirl I stand,
Uncertain of my state, let me prepare,
Though good or ill each coming hour may bring.

Imagination takes me on swift wing
Back to that sorrowing scene when watchers came
To see the struggle with the powers of death.
I see thee raving with a maddened brain!
With reason gone, thou art no more thyself;
But furious, reckless, unrestrained; thy hands,
For mischief bent, like one by evil led,
Cease not their movements strange, nor doth thy tongue
Or body cease a maniac's ravings wild.
But soon I hear them whisper, thou art dead!
'Tis only while on fancy's wings I soar,
I view these scenes so sad to those who know
The desolation death is sure to bring
To homes and hearts, whene'er his message comes.

I knew not why so many neighbors came,
And thou no notice took, or welcome gave.
That mourning train that bore thy body home,
Was without meaning to my wondering mind.
I saw that others wept, but knew not why,
Till by a kind grandfather's hand was led
To view that open grave where thou wert laid,
And learned that there, deep buried in the ground,
Henceforth thy resting was. Then didst thou hear
The piercing cry that burst from my young lips?—
From me, thine only son, who scarce three years
Had seen? I learned that I an orphan was,
Yet knew not what it meant to be thus left
Without a father's care my steps to guide
Along the toilsome way to travel o'er.

Ah! can it be fifteen long years have passed?
And not so long but that a moment's glance
Will bring those trying scenes as vividly
As though they were but yesterday. I go
Where stands that mansion old where once we dwelt—
Yes, old to me, though of so short a life—
But lo! thou art not there, for it has passed
To other hands, and not a mark is left
To stir remembrance in my anxious mind.
My childish songs, which once were heard in glee,
Are heard no more; not e'en an echo falls.
Thy merry laugh has ceased, though once it rang,
As in my plays thy cheerful spirit joined.
But ah! it never will again! 'Tis passed,
That trying scene which troubled not my mind
Till years had fled; then newer scenes arose

And disappeared the old. I still retain
A solemn thought, which, formed from other lips,
Can never lose its binding influence,
Though time shall bear me on, and I return
To earth, near to thy side, or far away
In some more distant clime, in foreign soil.

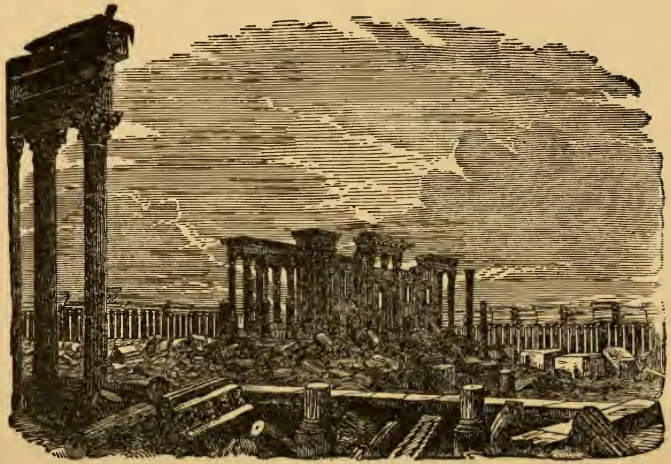
YOU AND I.

When you and I have passed away,
On life's declining wave,
The world will still be looking gay,
Though we are in the grave.

A few short years the earth may show
The places where we sleep,
To those dear friends who chance to go,
Around our graves to weep.

But oh! our lives are like the track
Imprinted on the shore;
The waves of time come rolling back,
And we are known no more!

Then while on earth let memory set
Her scenes in bright array,
For though the earth may soon forget,
They'll live in heaven for aye!



Ruins of Tadmor.

TADMOR.

Go, cross the desert's burning sand,
  Beneath Assyria's skies,
And view the wild Arabian's land,
  Where Tadmor's waters rise;
And from the flight of by-gone days,
  Bring back those scenes forgot,
When men of trade sought out their ways,
  To rest around this spot.

See Israel's king, that mighty sage,
  Far in the west arise!
That lovely place his thoughts engage,
  Where lone the palm-tree sighs!
From heathen quarries, many a load
  Of ponderous stone appear,
And creaking wheels are on the road,
  To plant them ever here.

Now as we cross those burning sands,
  We see those piles remain —
Those mighty works of ancient hands,
  Which there like monarchs reign.
Palmyra's waters now are where
  Once Tadmor's waters rose,
And passing men their coolness share,
  And round them still repose.

FLOW ON!

Flow on, flow on, thou rapid river,
  Thy never ceasing tide!
Flow on a sparkling stream of silver,
  And to the ocean glide.

Flow on, flow on! From mossy fountains
  Thy way is long to run;
Go leaping down the craggy mountains,
  Go sparkling in the sun.

Flow on, flow on! Though onward rolling,
  Must thy fleet waters sleep?
Thy murmurs seem a death-knell tolling—
  Thy home is in the deep.

Flow on, flow on to distant ocean!
  Though I remain alone,
Flow on and on, nor cease thy motion,
  Nor cease thy wonted tone.

Flow on, flow on where ships are sailing
  O'er waters deep and blue;
Bear Freedom, in her cause prevailing,
  Till earth shall breathe anew.

Yes, flow thee on! With waters bounding,
  Heed not the rocks below,
But speed to lands the earth surrounding,
  Where Ocean bids thee go.

THE BETTER WAY.

Whene'er we see a drunken man
  Go reeling through the streets,
With topless hat and clothes in rags,
  Insulting all he meets,
Now bowing to a hitching-post,
  Or trying hard to clear
Some crazy house that jumps about,
  As by he tries to steer;

Or when we find, at midnight dark,
  Low in the gutter laid,
Some senseless wretch in human shape,
  By rum thus senseless made;
Or at so late an hour of night,
  From his poor hovel hear
The cries of wife and children rise,
  And he the one they fear;

Or when we hear the rabble crowd,
  With yell and fiendish scream,
Cheer on the fight while two poor souls
  Like horrid demons seem—
We well may feel a depth of shame,
  Degrading, black and drear,
For homes destroyed, and peace disturbed,
  For ribald taunt and jeer.

But when we see the ragged man
  His tatters cast aside;

His dirty face and tangled hair
  Assuming wonted pride;
No liquor raging through his frame;
  His mind, in vigor, clear;
His wretched home exchanged for joy—
  No more such scenes appear.

Then, shun the cup and be a man;
  Be honest and sincere;
Thus life's great end may be attained,
  And home disarmed of fear.

FRIENDSHIP.

It was a dark, a stormy night,
  When o'er a mountain straying,
In yonder vale I saw a light
  With mists around it playing.
Amid the storm I raised a shout—
  My feet were thither turning,
When suddenly that light went out,
  That light so brightly burning.

Though life may seem a "vale of tears,"
  Where chilling winds are blowing,
How Friendship's light allays our fears
  And keeps our spirits flowing!
Yes, when we turn our eyes about—
  Our cheerful friends discerning—
We fondly trust may ne'er go out
  A light so brightly burning.

THE MURDERER'S DREAM.

What does it mean? What does it mean? My head—
My heart—I fear—I faint! Why is my hand
So red? my tattered clothes so stained with gore!
What does it mean? How shall I hide my sin?
Run! run! the walls are echoing the cry!
Handcuffed and chained within a felon's cell
I soon may be! Bloodthirsty judges sit,
And jurors wait to say I must be hanged!
What traitors—cowards! dare not trust their fate
With other men! I fear not now! My heart
Is strong! yea, vengeance burns within my soul!
I will not be thus mocked by such vile men,
While in this heart remains one drop of blood!
Again this hand, still deeper stained, shall plunge
The fatal steel into each heart of theirs
Than be thus treated! Ah! I must be free!
I may be, and I will be! Let them build,
As Haman built of old, their gallows high.
Yes, fifty cubits—mine takes no delay.
My dagger can the vital, life-blood draw,
Without a halter, gibbet, priest or king.

What have I done more than ten thousands do,
Yet go unpunished? Come, ye men of law,
This heart to you is free; put on your chains,
And stretch this haughty neck, if aught ye do,
Nor let your courage fail! I fear you not—
Yea, naught of earth!
What doth yon shadow mean?

Such flowing robes of white as faintly seem
The habit of an angel? Do I sleep,
And with dim eyes a senseless vision see?
It nears me! Ha! I'll meet it, for this hand
Will spare no haunting foe! I see its eyes—
Deep, sunken orbs, in horror on me glare!
It hath a fiendish look, a look of death!
Who art thou, clothed in yonder shroud? Withdraw,
Or death awaits thee! Speak, ere finds my knife
The secret of thy heart!
I fear the form!
It may some sheriff be, who, for my sin,
Doth hunt me like a dog! Why is his breast
So stained with blood? Now see, he parts his shroud—
O heavens! It is—it is my victim slain!
A ghost to be my soul's tormenting fear!
O let me hide! He comes with awful frowns,
To wreak his vengeance on my guilty soul!
A gleaming dagger in his hand I see!
In air he swings it, pointing at my breast!
Those awful strides must soon o'ertake me! See!
He comes! *he comes!*—he's come!
Yes, now 'tis past!
The dream is past, and freer now I breathe;
But oh! no peace my guilty soul can find,
Should justice ne'er meet out my due reward.

INTERCESSION.

Earth with its charming pleasures,
We leave awhile to pray,
To plead for dying sinners,
Ere comes the judgment day.
O, let us agonizing,
Assume the suppliant's part,
Till with a power surprising,
Christ wins the sinner's heart.

The cross may make us weary,
But let us bear it on;
What though the way seem dreary?
It leads where Christ hath gone!
And if we wish our neighbors
Should in his bounty share,
For them our life-long labors,
Must be incessant prayer.

We soon shall cease this sighing
For sinners dwelling here;
They soon must think of dying,
Must lie upon the bier.
O, how they'll wish for heaven,
When death steals o'er their frames!
And when from hope they're driven,
To mourn in quenchless flames.

There, there they call the Saviour
To send them some relief;

They ask one single favor,
But that is turned to grief!
In wretched torments hear them!
How ardently they pray!
But O, no help is near them,
They've sinned all hope away.

But soon we'll fly to Jesus,
Far up through heaven's door,
Where pains no more shall seize us,
Where sorrows will be o'er.
Then let us be in motion,
Nor linger in despair;
Beyond life's surging ocean,
We'll find a heaven there.

MY DARLING BROTHER.

I have a darling brother,
And Eddie is his name,
The dearest little creature
On earth that ever came.
His dimpled cheeks of rosy hue,
His soft and silky hair,
His sparkling eyes of heavenly blue,
Are fairest of the fair.

I love my darling brother,
So beautiful and fair;
He's four years old to-morrow,
If God his lifes hall spare.

His playthings, numbered by the score,
Afford him worlds of fun,
As down among them, on the floor,
He turns them one by one.

O, what a happy brother,
When winter evenings come,
And in the pleasant parlor,
We all are met at home!
His magic voice so loud and clear—
As round the room he runs—
Tells what a charm the Master gives
To all his little ones.

But see! my darling brother
Has ceased from all his fun!
Around the room no longer
I see him lightly run:
But bowed beside his mother's knee,
He prays the Lord, to keep
His little soul—then says, "good night,"
And sweetly falls asleep.

That is my darling brother,
And Eddie is his name,
The dearest little creature
On earth that ever came.

A STRANGER KNOCKING.

Do you hear that gentle knocking,
  Knocking at your stubborn heart?
'Tis a stranger knocking, knocking,
  Life eternal to impart,
For your welcome doth he listen,
  Lingering in the cold night dew; –
Pitying tear-drops—how they glisten!
  Sinner now he knocks for you.

Long you've heard that gentle knocking,
  Knocking at your stubborn heart;
Still that stranger's knocking, knocking,
  Life eternal to impart.
Though he saves from many a danger,
  Patience may not long endure;—
Open quickly to that stranger,
  And eternal life is sure.

Surely now you hear that knocking,
  Knocking at your stubborn heart,
For the stranger's knocking, knocking,
  Life eternal to impart.
When in hours of pain or danger,
  Or when struggling sore for breath,
There may be no helping stranger—
  There's no knocking after death.

Sinner, heed, O heed that knocking,
  Knocking at your stubborn heart;—

Heed that stranger knocking, knocking,
Life eternal to impart.
Take him in—that blessed stranger,
Christ the King of heaven above,
He will bear you safe from danger—
His is everlasting love.

"O, DRINK NO MORE!"

The evening shades are falling
Around the cottage door,
And in the fading light are playing,
The children on the floor:
But 'mid that artless prattle,
The mother's sobs arise;
Her troubled heart is heaving—
O, hear those bursting sighs!
How strangely scenes will mingle,
In such a world of sin,
When human passions are in conflict
To gain control within!
Thus did they strangely mingle
Where now the drunkard lies,
Unconscious of the mother,
And of her children's cries:

CHILDREN.

O, drink no more, dear father! drink—drink no more!
Thine orphan children see!
O, drink no more, pray, drink no more!—
O Lord of heaven! our prayer we raise to Thee!

How gloomy was that cottage!
How sad that mother's heart!
With empty room and ragged children,
What haunting visions start!
The cooling winds were blowing;
The fire had ceased to burn;
And hungry children crying,
Upon their mother turn.
They saw her bowing lowly
Above the father's form;—
They saw her kiss those haggard features
With life still throbbing warm;
Then by him fondly kneeling,
As on the floor he lies,
With heart of bursting anguish,
Her broken spirit cries:

MOTHER.

O, drink no more, my dearest! drink—drink no more!
Thou'rt all of earth to me!
O, drink no more, pray, drink no more!—
O Lord of heaven! my prayer I raise to Thee!

Those senseless ears awaking,
As if from dreamy sleep,
Had heard the mother and her children,
Like guarding spirits weep.
O, human hearts have feeling,
And love is lingering there,
Like strains of heavenly music,
When touched by woman's prayer.
So heard the drunken father
The sorrow of his wife,

The lisping voices of his children,
Now pleading for his life!
O, what emotions seize him!
The spell forsakes his eyes,
And kneeling 'mong his household,
His changing spirit cries:

FATHER.

I'll drink no more, my loved-ones! drink–drink no more!
Thou'rt all of earth to me!
I'll drink no more, yea, drink no more!—
O Lord of heaven! my vow I raise to Thee!

THE SINNER'S LAMENT.

I wish I were a Christian,
Sitting at my Saviour's feet!
I know he long has waited
To make my joy complete.
Why should I longer say,
I do not know the way,
And thus my Saviour disobey
When I should be a Christian?

How strangely I have acted,
Wishing for my Saviour's love;—
Rejecting every message
That bids me look above.
O'er hills of sin I range;
Then it is not so strange

That my poor soul has met no change,
And I'm not yet a Christian.

While bowing round the altar,
Christians often prayed for me;
I wish that I among them
Had also bowed the knee.
Their prayers—I hear them yet;
Nor can I e'er forget
How faithfully those Christians met
That I might be a Christian.

They tell me Christ is waiting
To relieve my sad distress;
That if I still reject him,
My soul he cannot bless.
O, how I wish his aid!
To ask him I'm afraid,
Yet know his word must be obeyed
If I become a Christian.

But some are now rejoicing,
Full of love, and hope, and peace,
While I remain unhappy,
Ashamed to seek release.
'Tis courage most I need,
To bear me on with speed,
For in the Holy Word I read,
I must become a Christian.

Oh! had I then but yielded,
Heavenly joy would now be mine!
But every call I slighted,
And mocked the voice divine.

No callings now I hear;
My heart so cold and sear,
Before its Judge must soon appear,
And I am not a Christian.

O, what a trying hour!
Fiercely struggles now my soul!
Ah! can I come to Jesus?
And will he make me whole?
The way I cannot see!
O Jesus, comfort me!
My sinful soul I bring to thee,
That I may be a Christian.

I must become a Christian —
Must sit at Jesus' feet,
Then he'll remove my burden,
And give me joy complete.

THE VOLUNTEER.

My native land in its bloom I left,
Where life had been sweetly spent,
But sad my heart when from home bereft,
A home with a mind content.

The tear intrusively swelled mine eye,
As sadly I clasped that hand,
Which still remains where my kindred lie,
Afar in my native land.

I loved my cot where the forest stood,
And those who were dwelling there,
Where deeply carved in the mossy wood,
The trees my record bear.

But times were changed; and a call to arms,
Arose on my wakeful ear!
I heard the sounds of the fierce alarms,
And sprang for the battle spear.

My love was strong for my country's cause—
I could not be chained a slave,
But sped as a friend to enforce her laws,
To shield the home of the brave.

But cold and drear was the hand that came,
When sickness repaid my love;
The glory I saw in the soldier's name,
Had fled like the clouds above

And now loved home all its beauty shows,
While strangers alone are near,
And sorrow starts in its streaming flows,
Since, friendless, they've laid me here.

O, when will cares, so oppressive now,
Recede from this heart of mine?
How long must pain overhang this brow,
And tortures around me twine?

Though sorrows surround my free-born heart,
No doubts can becloud my mind;
The voice of hope bids them all depart,
And be in the past confined.

O land of my birth! Sweet home of mine!
My life have I given for thee,
That thy bright name still brighter may shine,
The home of the happy free.

THE BELL OF CHESTERFIELD.

(In this place were three churches with but one bell. During the winter of 1855 and 1856, no services were held in any of them, though the bell was regularly rung at the usual time of worship.)

Alas! thou tolling bell!
Why dost thou send thy summons round,
When none awake to hear the sound
From hill or valley swell?

But once thy princely power
Glad hearts awoke at every call;
But now, alas! where are they all
At thine accustomed hour?

Still struggling bravely on,
I hear thee raise a solemn voice,
Though only hills and trees rejoice—
Thy people all are gone!

But ah! how many souls
Still hear thee toll, yea, toll alone!
Canst thou not move such hearts of stone,
Ere death upon them rolls?

Though these poor souls must go,
Thou still wilt live and speak again.

Speak on! yea, shock the hearts of men,
Though they may answer, "No!"

Sweet Sabbath Bell! My heart
For thee will mourn—forsaken now—
And on the winds send up a vow,
As thy sweet sounds depart.

THE WANDERER'S RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS MOTHER.

When I think of the days of my youthful prime,
Visions wild and strange o'er my senses fly,
And my heart doth yearn for that far-off clime,
Where the remains of my mother lie.
Glad would I kneel o'er her low, grassy tomb,
Away from the cares and employments of men,
And ask of the winds as they deepen my gloom,
To ask the return of my mother again.

I oft heard her voice as it once called my name,
When at eve we reclined on the seat at the door;
I hear with emotion those words as they came
From those lips of soft love, though I hear them no more.
I remember the past when she last called me there,
How affected she seemed as she spake to me then;—
No more shall I hear her voice trembling in prayer,—
No more will return my dear mother again!

As I strayed on the shore of that glimmering stream,
Which flowed its clear waters so near my loved cot,
She told me how life in the future would seem
Like those waters when tempests had traversed the spot;
And now can I see that her sayings were true,
So rough is my way 'mid the dwellings of men,
And though manhood has come, my sorrows are new,
As I wish the return of my mother again!

I remember the tones of her seraph-like voice,
As she sang when we roved on the bright sunny hills;
I can think how her strains made my heart rejoice,
And throb with the leaps of the silvery rills.
O, now could my tongue as faithfully swell
Such songs as I heard in that dearly loved glen,
Evermore to the world would I sing, and tell
How I wish the return of my mother again!

But I know she is gone far away from me now,
Though she comforts my soul as it soars up on high;
No more by her side will she call me to bow—
Never more will a tear bedim her meek eye.
She's up with the angels enraptured in bliss,
I know—O, my youth!—so good was she then!
She's in a bright world far happier than this,
And there I may meet my dear mother again!

IN MEMORY.

(On the death of Celia O. Stebbins. Written in 1853.)

Yes, she has gone! Now doth her spirit rest
With other spirits in that holy place,
The Paradise of God; though in the dust
Lies mouldering her body, long distressed
By sickness, pains and sorrows. Worn by care,
Her active frame was forced its work to leave,
And fall before a most courageous foe.
She's gone to take the lasting sleep of death!
The grave has claimed its prize—as all it does—
And, buried in its bosom, there she sleeps
A sleep no time can e'er disturb; a calm,
A tranquil sleep, though prey for greedy worms.
Within that dark abode deep silence reigns.
But that affects her not, nor does she know
A genial sun is warming her last home;
Nor can she hear the falling steps of those
Who to her memory there shed a tear!
Of all on earth she bade a long adieu;
And what she now beholds is not below,
But somewhere in another purer world.
Those lips, which once were wont to speak, are closed—
Forever closed! Although the portrait view
Resembles life, it still doth something lack.
It seems about to speak, yet all is still!
I listen, but the words I cannot hear!
I first would speak—but it is all a dream
And such a dream as haunts a mourner's sleep.

No more her radiant face shall I behold—
So often seen—when to that house I go
Where passing time has wondrous changes wrought
Within one short, brief year. When now I cross
The time-marked threshold of that cottage door,
I hear not from within that laughing voice
Which oft my ear in merry glee would greet;
And to my call would joyfully respond.
Though friends remain, there still appears a void,
And never more can such a void be filled.
But time is bringing other scenes; such scenes
As may in part absorb my present gloom,
Like pleasing toys that charm the childish mind;
But shall remembrance cease to hold those dear
Who are so sadly torn from friends' embrace?
No; never can the name of one so loved
Forgotten be, or from the mind be cast
Of one accustomed to such cheerful scenes.
I look, but only see the vacant chair,
Where oft she sat with busy work engaged;
But what a change! That chair a stranger serves
At times, which tells me of the changes past—
How earthly prospects only bloom to die.

O cherished one! where hast thou found a home?
Thou hearest not, nor answerest my call!
And though my voice could shake the mountain seats,
All would be vain, for thou art far away
And canst not hear my loudest cry. Could I,
With heavenly voice, from sleep make thee awake,
Would I cry to the grave to quit its prey?
Would I arouse thee from that peaceful sleep

Once more to dwell in such a tiresome world?
How could I wish thee here to strive with sin,
When heaven, in bliss, so far exceeds the earth!
Oh no! I cannot wish thee back, although
My load of grief, each day of my short life,
Should heavier press; yet if thou dwel'st among
The holy spirits in th' Elysian fields
Of joy and happiness, unknown to sin,
And through all time shalt never cease to dwell,
And with the angels in their praises join—
Then why should any weep for thy return?
I spurn so mad a thought, nor dare to wish
Reversed might be thy lot. If happiness
Now be thy part, what once thou didst not know,
Nor I, thou knowest now, that peace of mind
On earth can never last, since man is frail,
And changing all, as on through time he flies;
And what seems changeless now, ere half perceived,
Is gone, and scarcely leaves a trace behind.

Live on, brave spirit, in that world of bliss,
Where peace and joy yield not to sorrow's gloom,
For life on earth is all but peace and joy—
A dream of vanity dispelled at morn!
I try with all my powers to praise thy name
With simple song, although thou hearest not,
For nobler songs are sung where dwellest thou,
Which drown the worthless theme I fain would sing.
I sing of thee to those who will receive
Such songs as mine, though few there be who know
I fain would sing, or strive to trace a thought,
Wrought from my mind—a mind so small to view

Compared with other nobler ones—upon
The empty page that waits the sketching pen,
Which, in fair lines, may serve to paint that thought,
To others yet unknown. This weakens not
My love for thee, who not long since removed
Beyond the vale of death, where now a home
Thou hast, from which no more wilt thou depart.

Thine aged parents, who remaining mourn,
Thy loss have deeply felt; but soon they go
To be thy welcome guests; to sup with thee
In thine unseen abode; to greet thee with
Their smiles, far brighter than they smiled on earth.
Earth will retain the parts corruptible,
And that which ever liveth go to thee.
Their locks are ripening fast and harvest soon
Will come, and they by death be stricken down—
By death, that fearless monster who waylaid,
And harrassed long thy trembling hold of life.
By frosts of age they long ago were nipped,
And blighted hopes are withering in the sun.
The worms of time, of sorrow and of care,
Are gnawing at the roots of life, and soon
The tender shoots will wither, fall and die.
Though health has hardly ceased its daily blush
To give through years that never will return—
Nor would they wish them back, those toilsome days,
Save that a holier life they both might live
To God, who claims all honor as his own—
Yet, like all else, here too must come a change,
And they the changing be. We feel the storm,
Relentless in its fury, gathers near;

For they are trembling now, and for their change
Await; but thou canst look on all below,
And rest unharmed, though 'neath thy royal seat
The roar of thunders shakes the sons of earth,
And vivid lightnings flash terrific light,
Awaking fears within the hearts of men.
Thou dreamest not who suffer in the storm.
Such hours of fear thy spirit knows no more.
O'ercome by storms like these, from long distress,
Thy soul to heaven in triumph took its flight,
But left a wreck behind to tell how thou,
O'er life's dark, troubled flood didst sail;
To bid us all beware, who glide this sea,
Not trust Temptation's lamp to guide the ship,
Lest far from shore, beyond return are led,
And smothered in the deep. May we be wise,
And for our helmsman choose Religion pure;
Then, guided by the light of Faith, our hope
Is without fear; and without danger land
In Paradise, and happy ever more.

MEDIATION.

Dearest Saviour, for me pleading,
With a just and righteous God,
Still continue interceding,
Till he stay his fearful rod.

As from home afar I wander,
From the great eternal Rock,

In what wretchedness I ponder,
Since I left so glad a flock.

What commotions rise around me!
Why have I such pains to bear?
Jesus, thou hast long been o'er me,
Waited long to answer prayer.

Yes, the wicked one is trying
To retain his fallen prey—
Struggling so at thought of dying,
And from home so far away.

For such lost ones thou art bleeding,
Stretched upon the cursed tree;
Still for sinners interceding,
Yes, for sinners—even me.

Can my life, though all commotion,
Yet become a time of peace?
Can my bark fly o'er the ocean,
To a land where sorrows cease?

O, how soon will all these billows,
Cease to wash me far from shore,
And I rest on thee my pillow,
Where distractions come no more?

Angels move in fancied glidings,
Where my sorrows disappear;
Glad I hear the joyful tidings,
"Thou art numbered with us here!"

AWAKE MY HARP.

Awake! my harp, to a song,
And breathe for the maiden thy tones,
For thou hast been sleeping too long—
Arise from thy slumbers with drones!
Thy strings have shrunk from the tune,
So cold was the hand that played,
And lost were thy strains too soon—
Thou harp of the mystical shade!

How sweet were thy tones on the ear,
When borne on the rising breeze!
Thou once to my heart wert dear,
Ere hung in such negligent ease.
Return to thy songs again!
The maid has awaited thee long;
Awaken thy sweetest strain,
She listens once more for a song.

SHADOWS.

Saviour, drive these shades away!
Send the quick return of day!
Let the light of glory shine,
In this darkened soul of mine!

Long hath Satan held me fast;
O'er my mind dark shadows cast;

Often with his cruel dart,
Pierced anew my bleeding heart.

What a fierce and painful strife
Has my portion been through life!
How the cheating powers of sin
Have controlled my heart within!

Why in darkness do I lie?
Dearest Saviour, tell me why!
Pluck, O, pluck me as a brand
From the fire in which I stand!

How I dread the pangs of death!
How its terrors chill my breath!
Life seems fading from my sight—
Saviour speed thy rapid flight!

Satan with bewildering charms
Has enticed me from thine arms,
And I see what ceaseless woe
Meets me now where'er I go.

Why so often do I lose
Holy paths I ought to choose,
When unerring light is given
To direct my steps to heaven?

Saviour, thou hast done thy part
To secure this stubborn heart;
But once more, before I die,
Light with hope my darkened sky!

ALWAYS REJOICING.

When I have left the fireside, mother,
And sleep in death so cold and chill,
O do not mourn nor seem unhappy,
But smile as though you saw me still.
'Tis strange, I know, to ask it, mother;
But why those mournful vigils keep,
When death unbars the gates of glory.
For worlds of joy where none shall weep?

I've seen you smile so often, mother,
When evening shades the earth have bound,
When in my bed your hand has placed me,
And tucked the clothes so nicely round –
That now I cannot bear, dear mother,
To leave you languishing in pain;
For though in death my sleep be longer,
The morn will surely come again.

I only wish, when with the angels
I find me walking clothed in white,
That I might see my mother smiling
Among the cheerful and the bright.
Life's longest day will soon be ended;
Its gathering shades will thicker grow,
Till friend will meet with friend remembered,
In that bright world to which we go.

Then, mother, do not yield to sorrow,
Though life has crosses hard to bear;
'Tis heaven above the weary look for,
And you will find me waiting there.

PREMONITIONS.

I cannot rest!
Fears fill my aching breast
And charge my mind with deepest woe!
Life is too short to be at ease;
Too swift a stream of noiseless flow,
Soon mixed with boundless seas.
Deep troubles root themselves within my heart,
Sending their sprouts to every genial part,
And, clinging to my soul with fiendish power,
Embit'ring all the streams of life.
Hopes bud and blossom; but in one short hour
Some unexpected, fearful strife,
With swelling rage, revives the storm
That leaves a wreck my feeble form.

The chilling night of Death bursts on my sight,
Repentance urging ere it be too late;
Ere from the scene fair Hope withdraws her light;
Ere careless Pilgrims for lost mercy wait.
I look abroad! But O, how dark!
Is there no hand to save?
No light to guide? Not one dim spark
To light the silent grave?
But thousands in this prison chained,
Lie self-condemned for sins arraigned,
And like unworthy self—not one alone
A captive bound before its Master's throne--
Not half repaying mercies shown.

Ungrateful thoughts unchecked arise;
No thankful songs to fill the glowing skies,
That an eternal God can hear
Repentant children plaintive cry,
Who, bowed to idols without fear,
Still dare to think their prayers are heard on high.
A smitten conscience groans
Beneath an awful load
Of guilt, while bowing to imperial thrones;
While walking sin's forbidden road;
But shattered hopes revive
When much seems done with little effort made;
And thus strong fears may cease to strive,
Since sinning brings such aid.

'Tis thus with man, nor aught can we believe,
Though sore the load of guilt it on us springs;
No word of truth could less deceive
Than such a truth grave Conscience brings.
Wide doors are open set that wearied men
May pass through death to endless life;
But when will they pass in? O, when
Will cease the din of human strife,
And Peace rule all the earth? O, when?

Ah! few there be who cast reflections back,
By day or midnight hours; but, as by sleep
Through earth's absorbing cares, their senses keep
In stubborn silence, and in pleasures lack.
Yet who is always free?
Oft wandering thoughts may seem to be
Guide-marks expressly given,
As plain, perhaps, as true,

That man may, in his past review,
See how he deals with heaven.

Wise plan of a creating God, adored—
Who thus abounding grace hath wisely stored
Within the reach of restless man—
Unknown to change since time began!
Yet how unthankful for the sacred gift!
O man! what blessing could thy spirit lift
To higher points above the grave
Than this thy God, creating, gave?
The way to Death is dark and drear,
When Sin sends down its poisoned darts;
The midnight hours are hours of fear,
And life with phantoms starts.
Thoughts dreadful fill the mind,
At mere allusions to the hour of strife;—
To conquering angels sent to bind
In death's cold chains this human life.

The careless soul, borne upward in its flight,
Instinctive knows the wrath of God is right;
Nor would it dare deny the rights of Hell
To those life-spent in earth's corrupting ways.
Where is the sage who can foretell
What death-like fears will cast their rays,
When Judgment shall appear descending through
The wond rous dreams of Fancy's court?
But when the never changing God appears,
To call the dying and cut short their tears,
Thousands will breath with vigor new,
To reach heaven's blessed port.

Alas for those who ne'er have felt that grace
Which blushes at the wrongs of sin!
Which can sustain before th' Almighty's face
The Christian's heart within!
They, like the criminal condemned, with fear
Await the issue of their doom;
But hard'ning soon, they smile upon their bier,
And dance around their tomb.
With one light bound their sprightly feet
Are buried in the mire of Woe;—
Once tasting of forbidden sweets,
The love will hardly cease to grow.
So, in their tossing barks, they pierce the mist
When tempests rise, to view the blessed shore.
Fair voices fan the sea. They list!
But lo! their bark down sinks to rise no more!

Where then's the pow'r that saves from death?
Can self-applause transport a soul to heaven?—
This web of life sustain the sinking breath,
When Death o'er all full scope is given?
Let vain dissemblers boast their magic skill;
They too must bow to that unyielding will!
Are they so stubborn in their own self-aim
They can on wisdom learn? Despair and shame
Will soften all such pride—their greatest boast—
And wrecks of present hopes bestrew the coast
Of this their mortal life, where now they glut
Their lordly power, like gods of this vain earth.
Not long the time they thus their senses shut
To Mercy's call, and cease to count the worth
Of God's command as to their future course

When life shall yield to his superior force.
These beings, mighty in their own conceit,
With great displays, such measures cannot meet.
Their power they question not. Sure of their end,
Success seems in their grasp a moment's time,
And luxury and pomp attend
But from an unknown, stormy clime,
Dark clouds involve their fairest sky.
"Where then is help?" their cry is heard.
The Christian hope they call absurd;
Nor do they ask themselves the reason why.
Betwixt their doubts and fears
There stands a row of years
In which they see their own progressive march;—
How suns and moons still trace yon heaven's broad arch.
But why have these thus shone?
Why have these lamps ne'er ceased to shine?
Why those of life but scarcely known?
From these they scarce translate a line
To gain the faintest hope
Of rest beyond this world's devouring fire.
This came not in their bounded scope;
But through a small and vague desire,
Those base illusions, void of solid gain,
Held out their claims, and nourished in the heart
These refuse hopes they would retain.
Nor would the fear of death cause them to start;
But, as the magnet has a love for steel,
They for their wrongs as strong a friendship feel,
And till the blow from Dissolution's hand
Breaks down the walls wherein these rebels stand,

They stand unshaken, firm,
And think to slay the battle-worm.
Their banner is unfurled on Fame;
Their daily worship at the shrine of Shame,
Though be it man's delight.
Yet why for it such love?
There is a fame, by far more bright—
And that the heavens above—
Which claims a conquest far more great,
Than where Destruction sweeps her bloody gate!
Then why such sharp contentions o'er a speck,
Wherein poor man becomes a shapeless wreck?

Foul Unbelief! dread sound!
How soon earth's dwellers find the rough-pathed ground
Where this destroyer plays!
Disorder, hate and woe fill up the days;
But Art alone contrives her schemes
To pass these days in quiet dreams.
O, how ungrateful, then, is man,
To measure thus this life, and try to span
By sight, the ways of heaven!
Shall thoughts like these to Death be given,
And man sink down to lowest Hell?
O, how could Angels dare the message tell,
Were God for this to blot our rolling sphere!
Dread Terror reigns e'en down to Hell; and here,
No mortal lip has dared expound
This woe of man thus clad in Death profound!

Draw, draw the curtain, ye eternal Powers!
Permit no more to grow infectious flowers!

But wake in man a mind to heed the call
That saves the soul from sin's disastrous fall!

MY HOME ON THE HILL.

How dear is my home on the hill,
  Away in New England's fair clime,
Where memories lingering still,
  Awaken the dear olden time.
I see the low cottage appears,
  Still breathing the morning's first rays,
And stands as it has stood for years,
  The home of my boyhood days.

The blossoming orchards, and fields,
  O'er hill-tops and valleys are spread;
Sweet fragrance the flower-bed yields;
  The hop-vine is climbing the shed.
The well-curb, the garden, the barn,
  The brook at the foot of the hill,
The mists of a still summer morn,
  In visions are haunting me still.

I dream of the tall maple tree,
  That shadows the door-yard fence,
Where warble the robins so free,
  Ere the blushes of evening commence.
The breezes are smelling so sweet,
  They've kissed the thick hedges I know,
Where roses their blossoms repeat,
  As seasons unceasingly flow.

But why should my home be so dear?
So many bright visions arise?
Ah! voices of loved-ones I hear,
As memory sweetly replies!
They gather no doubt as of yore—
Perhaps are now thinking of me,
While training the flowers at the door,
The dahlia, the aster and pea.

Unchanged is my love for that spot,
Though Fancy has called me to roam,
And casting with strangers my lot,
I pride in my Green Mountain home.
Thus pleasures must turn in their tide—
The callings of life are supreme;
But when the rough paths all are trod,
How sweet will be home in my dream!

THE HEAVENLY WAY.

There is a road that leads on high,
The Lord hath paved with pearls,
And all along that heavenly way,
The stream Salvation curls.

It is a way the righteous seek—
A way the wicked shun,
And yet so straight from end to end,
The blindest in it run.

In olden times the prophets strove
To mark that heavenly way,
That all who seek to walk therein,
May walk as well as they.

The holy tribes of Israel
Along that path were led,
And when by hunger sorely pressed,
Were with rich manna fed.

The Lord this road hath traveled o'er,
And made it light appear;
The sun of hope no more shall set,
But shine each day more clear.

His true disciples long have sought
This pleasant highway, too;
And though so weak when left alone,
Their Saviour bore them through.

A train of martyrs, lo! have trod
Pollution in the dust;
They lived—they died, and for their hope,
They placed in God their trust.

Shall present nations lie in chains,
Nor dare attempt to fly,
While there remains so safe a road
For mortals born to die?

A winning voice from heaven we hear,
Inviting all therein;
The sum is short: Believe the Word,
Forsaking every sin.

Such is the way! O, what delight
The pilgrims' thoughts engage,
As on they move without a fear,
To time's remotest age!

Sing praises, then, ye nations, sing!
Your King now sits above!
Let heaven and earth aloud proclaim
His everlasting love!

THE CONQUEST.

As sits the faithful, timid bird,
Unconscious of her fate,
Within whose breast no fear is stirred,
While guarding her estate,
Till, lo! in front the serpent's eye
Shoots forth its magic might,
And round her heart the fetters fly,
To bind her power of flight;

So hath my heart been found at ease,
Fair as an opening flower,
Though now I feel a passion seize
Its tender cords with power;
Yet from that form I would not fly,
Nor dread the charm divine,
But fondly clasp, e'en though I die,
That mystic heart to mine.

HAND NOT THE CUP TO ME.

Hand not the cup to me,
When full of death within;
I ne'er will drink with thee,
Of alcohol or gin.
Away! away! I'll touch it not,
Though friends and neighbors sip!
I ne'er will be a "drunken sot,"
With curses on my lip!

It kills the strongest mind,
It wrecks the stoutest frame;
The passions all combined,
It buries deep in shame.
Think not the wine and burning rum
Will soothe the trembling nerve,
For evil actions quickly come,
And but the devil serve.

My cup I better fill
With liquor from the deep,
Or catch it from the rill
That scales the mountain steep;
But oh, the brandy and the wine
Are dangerous I know,
And never can be friends of mine,
Though others love them so.

Oh! what disgusting sights
We see from day to day,

When neighbor neighbor fights,
And "grog" has perfect sway!
The blackened eye, the broken nose,
And clothes to tatters torn,
Are but the signs the drunkard shows,
For universal scorn.

Now think you, friends, my life,
A treasure to me given,
Shall end in such a strife
To run away from heaven?
No! such shall never be the case,
While reason holds its sway,
And rum shall never flush my face,
Nor steal my life away.

Cold water only, pure,
Just from the spring, my all,
Shall make my foot more sure,
And save a drunkard's fall.
More sober I resolve to live
My life for God who gave;
So to the earth your liquor give,
And shun a drunkard's grave.

ALL IS THINE.

Lord, how can I repay
The wondrous debt I owe,
For every comfort, day by day,
Thy bounteous mercies show?

Unworthy though I am,
Thy hand is ever near;
And still its bounties, heavenly Lamb,
In my behalf appear.

I scarcely need expect
The blessings I await,
For ah! how little I reflect
On mercies shown of late.

I seek some precious thing
I think is but my own,
To make to Thee an offering,
But lo! I have not one.

My life, my body, soul,
The very breath I draw,
O'er which my will has no control,
Fulfill thy righteous law.

Unwise I am to-day,
To-morrow bend in prayer,
Though thy command is, "watch and pray,"
With unremitting care.

Yes, all is truly thine,
And thine the holy Word,
That points this tempted heart of mine,
To trust in thee, O Lord!

A THANKSGIVING ODE.

Arise, ye sainted souls, arise!
Begin at dawn to pray!
Let morning incense fill the skies,
This is Thanksgiving day.

Leave all unholy scenes below -
For better things assay;
Up to the house of worship go,
And keep Thanksgiving day.

If rich provisions God hath made,
His sovereign will obey
From morning light to evening shade,
On this Thanksgiving day.

Forget not those in deep distress,
But to their homes away;
The hungry feed, the naked dress,
And love Thanksgiving day.

Awake! ye christian hearts, awake!
Awake, ye proud and gay!
And though ye live, death's warning take,
On this Thanksgiving day.

How many poor, and rich, and proud,
Are now to death a prey!
How many, too, robed in a shroud,
Go home Thanksgiving day!

Ah! many may, mid all their mirth,
This hour be called away,

With scarce a moment left on earth,
For a Thanksgiving day.

Then let us all unite and sing,
And all together pray;
Let heaven be moved and mountains ring,
On this Thanksgiving day.

SCHOOL-DAYS.

A few unheeded, ill-spent years
Have passed with fearful step away;
Though long they seemed with all their cares,
I now can view them but a day.

A gay and thoughtless youth was I,
When school-boy sports for lessons came;
Ne'er thought I then so soon must die,
These scenes so full of childish fame.

Though watched with anxious care, I know
Some evil called my spirit in,
For smooth as seemed the river's flow,
I foundered on the shole of sin.

Now I reflect on what has passed,
On days and hours I hardly knew;
Mid childish sports I saw them last—
I called; but they replied, "adieu."

GREETING.

To you, kind friends, once more we come,
With cheerful songs of greeting,
With grateful hearts for mercies past,
O'er lives, like ours, so fleeting.
We meet again! yes, meet again!
How sweet the thought comes o'er us!
How bright the visions of the past,
As now they flit before us.

Though Time has strown her path with wrecks,
And treasured hopes have perished;
And though among them lie our friends,
So dearly loved and cherished,
We meet again! O, yes, we meet
To cheer the sad and tearful,
Forgetting care in happy song,
Among the gay and cheerful.

Ye light of heart, come join our song,
And praise the God of heaven,
Who to the earth, with open hand,
Hath every blessing given.
We meet again to praise his name,
With voices loud and ringing,
And may he guide while we unite,
This song of welcome singing:

O, welcome, welcome, welcome friends,
Our hearts are beating light,
And our cheerful voices loudly swell,
In a welcome song to night.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

(To Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Bisbee on the occasion of their Silver Wedding, April 1st, 1885.)

I.

As travelers on long journeys bound,
Round pleasant spots for rest delay,
So we upon life's highway found,
In pleasant places love to stay.

Up from the past in visions fly
The scenes of childhood's pleasant day,
As fresh as when we passed them by,
As way-marks on life's great highway.

But something bids us look once more—
Look back upon those pleasant scenes;
And while we look, as oft before,
We wonder what that something means.

Paternal homes seem standing there;
Fair forms arise and voices ring;
But see! a spirit mounts the air,
And thus we hear it sweetly sing:

"Come back to the scenes of thy childhood!
Come back to thy home in the wild!
With Memory's fleet wing for returning,
Come back to thy home, dear child!
Here are fathers and mothers
Who had vanished from sight;
Here are sisters and brothers
In mansions of light;

And they beckon thee back, for they know,
Their memories bright unfadingly glow,
While floating thou art on life's swift river;
While with these fair dreams thy pulses quiver—
With dreams of so many long years ago!"

II.

Once more the magic spell returns,
As on the wings of time we fly;
Once more the soul for pleasure yearns—
Down in the past where memories lie.

"It is not good to be alone,"
When on a journey so beset
With dangerous snares, and thickly strown
With woes along the wayside met.

The highway seems a crowded place,
With faces beautiful and fair,
All striving in the same great race,
To gain the crowns the victors wear.

In happy pairs the crowd moves on,
Engrossed with scenes the journey brings;
But as they list for voices gone,
Once more this song the spirit sings:

"Come back to the scenes of thy childhood!
Come back to thy home in the wild!
With Memory's fleet wing for returning,
Come back to thy home, dear child!
Here are fathers and mothers
Who had vanished from sight;

Here are sisters and brothers
In mansions of light;
And they beckon thee back, for they know,
Their memories bright unfadingly glow,
While floating thou art on life's swift river;
While with these fair dreams thy pulses quiver,
Though changed to twenty-five years ago!"

III.

'Tis passed! Two souls before us stand,
United thus for weal or woe,
Who in the past joined heart and hand—
Ah, yes! just twenty-five years ago!

AN ADDRESS.

(Read at a Sunday School Celebration held in Chesterfield, Mass., July 4, 1854.)

Ye youthful hearts relieved from mental pain,
Let songs of triumph swell your happy train,
That every soul may feel the cheerful glow,
These scenes impart, while journeying here below.
Sweet is the peace our souls this day enjoy;
Sweet is the peace to-morrow may destroy;
And as our hearts now fill with zealous love,
Come, let us view those pleasant scenes above,
Which may be ours when time shall be no more,
When rest our barks on heaven's eternal shore!

But ere we leave this seat of earthly fame,
Our minds review the pleasures here we claim;—

The cares and sorrows which o'erflow our souls,
When life a sea of troubled darkness rolls.
Though there is joy when brighter days appear,
When home doth smile and loving friends do cheer;
When floating visions of some distant land,
Bring back loved ones to shake the friendly hand;
When glittering hopes dance on the peaceful sea,
On which at times our vessels seem to be;
Yet there's an hour when earth's relentless tide,
In mad'ning waves, breaks on our vessel's side,
Rolls o'er its deck, and, in its angry fray,
Chills every soul and bears each hope away.
Then, while the storm thus darkly falls around,
Our throbbing hearts list for the faintest sound,
Which may, perchance, bear message on its wing
Of some assistance coming billows bring.
But when, like mists, our blasted hopes are gone,
We wait the long, the long expected morn—
For brighter rays to deck an angry sky,
And drive the storm in all its fury by.

O happy morn, for weather-beaten souls!
What glorious scenes its wondrous light unfolds!
Safe are we landed on that blissful shore!
We disembark to brave the storms no more!
And as behind we leave this mortal wreck,
It disappears a distant, somber speck;
But in advance, what brighter glories shine,
From radiant thrones, from works of love divine!
Oh, how our hearts desire those joys to see!
To be from sin and its corruption free;

To meet loved friends in such a heavenly clime,
Where age, unknown, shows no effect of time.

Though we have passed through scenes of varied form;—
Though we have braved the tempest and the storm,
We still remain within this crumbling clay,
Which fast grows old and soon will drop away.
Soon must these bodies moulder in the dust;
Soon will our friends reject them in disgust,
Though o'er our graves they drop the sorrowing tear,
With deepening grief, as Memory's voice they hear.
But ah! erelong we all shall pass away!
Sobs will arise from those who longer stay!
New faces, too, will linger round our bed,
To weep for us among the silent dead.
Soon will the marble glitter in the sun,
Mid waving grass where summer breezes run,
When we shall sleep in yonder yard prepared
For us, like those who have their portion shared;
Or, some, perchance, in distant lands may sleep,
Where heathen gods their silent vigils keep,
In cypress groves, on cedared mountains fair,
Near Ganges stream, or in a Syrian air.
One thing is needful; that we must obtain,
To calmly meet the coming hour of pain,
Nor should we pass the slighted promise o'er,
Of heavenly aid when earth can aid no more.

There is a school no Grecian ever knew,—
No Roman mind in picture ever drew,
In which is taught the soul's immortal rest,
In that bright world among the truly blest.

Within that School we may the "one thing" learn—
Which to all men should be of vast concern—
And though our feet are slow to find the way,
Yet, for the Sabbath School we meet to-day!

Could Socrates, or a Platonic sage,
Rise from his grave and view the present age;
Could Nature's redman leave the western sky,
Where all his hopes of future pleasures lie;
Could pagan princes reach our natal shore,
Enjoy its scenes and love their own no more;—
Glad would we lead them, with a friendly hand,
To every church throughout our peaceful land,
And as we talk of the Great Giver's rule,
Demand their blessing on the Sabbath School.

Proud Athens! Once the seat of learned fame,
O where has gone the greatness of her name?
Once could she boast of skillful minds to teach
No other nation could with wrong impeach:
But as our age walks o'er her mouldering dust,
Each step is marked in time's corroding rust,
And monuments, though carved with pleasing taste,
Show to the world an intellectual waste.

Now let us leave these wrecks of ancient days,—
Where once the sun could, with its cheering rays,
Awake those hearts ere in the silent tomb
Those forms were lost in solitude and gloom,—
That we may cull the blessings of our land
To cheer our hearts, while fortune's favoring hand
Sheds future hopes untouched with Time's decay,
Though worlds may fall and honors fade away.

Our nation's name may vanish like the dew;—
Her greatest minds may vanish with it, too;
A world may yet behold her glories strown
Among the seed by Desolation sown;
Yet will there shine a radiance brighter far,
Than that we meet where marbled columns are;
Where pillard temples show the wondrous art
That satisfied the cravings of the heart.
Let our desires in higher thoughts ascend,
Nor be at rest as time draws near its end;
But with that freedom which the mind retains,
Rise o'er the world, its misery and pains,
Though doubts perplex and unbelief expands,
As wickedness uplifts its conquering hands;
For in the field the Sabbath School appears,
To lend its aid, in view of coming years,
That our proud nation may arise above
Dark deeds of woe, to universal love.

Oh, then, ye lovers of all good supreme,
If of the future you in silence dream,
Let not your faith despair of that bright day,
When Virtue's sun shall shine with healing ray,
And wave the banners of our happy bands,
A host as countless as the ocean sands;
But let us hope, that as long ages roll,
The cry shall swell, "God bless the Sabbath School!"

CHILD-PLEADING.

'Twas near the hour of midnight,
In the chilly autumn days,
When the freezing mists were playing
Around the street-lamp's blaze;
When from the trees were dripping
The cold and icy drops,
As sadly mourned the breezes
Among the leafless tops;
When night seemed dark and solemn,
And the streets were still as death—
Save but the beat of the watchman,
And the sound of his hurried breath—
That on the frozen pavement,
I heard the patter of feet,
And in the gloomy darkness,
A lisping voice so sweet:

"O, father, father! do come home I pray!
I'll lead you safely, though so dim the light,
For mother—O, my mother was so pale to-day,
I fear she'll die to night!

"How sad would be our household
If she, indeed, should die,
Because no hand cared for her
As went the last supply!
I've often seen her weeping
As if her heart would break,

And know those tears were falling,
Dear father, for your sake.
O, father, do not linger!
Arise and let us go;
Perhaps she now is dying—
She wants us both, I know!
I tremble so, dear father,
I scarce can stand alone,
And of no food have tasted,
Since two full days have gone.

"O, father, father! do come home, I pray!
I'll lead you safely, though so dim the light,
For mother—O, my mother was so pale to-day,
I fear she'll die to-night!"

I listened to those pleadings—
The pleadings of a child—
So sadly heard at midnight,
By sorrow's hand beguiled:
I saw her bending lowly,
Above that father's form,
And fancied why the daughter
Had sought him in the storm.
The clock in yonder tower,
May speak with heavy tones,
To the weary hearts of wanderers
Out in the night alone;
But, oh! more fearful shudders,
Passed through my bursting veins,
To hear those childish accents,
Of home where sorrow reigns:

"O, father, father! do come home, I pray!
I'll lead you safely, though so dim the light,
For mother—O, my mother was so pale to-day,
I fear she'll die to-night!"

The child with tattered garments,
Had oft been out before,
To seek her fallen father,
When storms at midnight roar;
But, oh! those sunken features,
And, too, that slender form,
Has sought him for the last time,
And braved the final storm.
The father calls his darling—
But, ah! she answers not!
Beneath the sod she's sleeping,
Within death's hallowed spot;
And when the mists are falling,
Or fall the moonbeams mild,
I seem to hear the pleadings
Of that devoted child:

"O, father, father! do come home, I pray!
I'll lead you safely, though so dim the light,
For mother—O, my mother was so pale to-day,
I fear she'll die to-night!"

HE CALLETH THEE!

Poor wanderer, sitting by the way,
What is thy cry?
Why art thou wasting thus the day,
While moments fly?
Ah! is thine eye devoid of light?
The noisy world canst thou not see?
But Jesus passes—ask for sight!
Arise! He calleth thee!

O, mourner, weeping o'er that form
So lifeless now,
Hast thou no shelter from the storm
Where thou canst bow?
O, hear ye not the people cry,
Though small their sympathy may be?
The Mighty One is passing by—
Arise! He calleth thee!

O, ye who sorrow for your sins,
No rest ye know,
Till all your soul with grace begins
To overflow!
The careless crowd thy cries may slight;
Their hearts be proud and full of glee;
But Jesus passes—O, how bright!
Arise! He calleth thee!

Ye wretched, weary, faint and sick,
Stand by the way!
Fresh courage take, and O, be quick,
He comes they say!

Cast off restraint and cry aloud,
For Jesus comes in majesty;
And though forbidden by the crowd,
Arise! He calleth thee!

COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

Come, Holy Spirit, come to me!
Though long with grieving sins oppressed,
My sorrowing heart returns to Thee!
O, Spirit! canst thou give me rest?

Why should a soul mourn all the day,
Almost in sight of that retreat,
Where stains of sin are washed away,
And spirits crowd the mercy seat?

How on the wheels of time we fly!
How rapidly the seasons roll!
Scarce breathe we ere the time to die,
Comes with a message for the soul.

O, chilling Death! Thus must thou come,
To tear a trembling soul away?
Lo! angels leave their shining home,
And bear it up to endless day!

Yes, Holy Spirit, come to me,
For still a load of sin I bear;
And broken-hearted let me be,
Till heaven in mercy hears my prayer.

The Sleigh-Ride.

SLEIGH-RIDE SONG.

The silver moon is beaming
O'er crystal hills of snow;
The starry eyes of heaven are dreaming—
Quiet all below.
No tempests blowing - raining—snowing—
The air is calm and still;
O what a time to start the chime,
Of a sleigh-ride o'er the hill!

See how the horses, prancing,
Are bearing us away,
O'er creaking snow, with light hearts dancing,
Bounding with the sleigh!
With valleys flying—forests sighing—
Make the glorious country ring;
And as before, we'll join once more,
And loud this chorus sing:

The silver moon is beaming
O'er crystal hills of snow;
The starry eyes of heaven are dreaming—
Quiet all below.
No tempests blowing—raining—snowing—
The air is calm and still;
O what a time to start the chime,
Of a sleigh-ride o'er the hill!

MY ANGEL BROTHER.

I shall know my missing brother,
When I meet him by and by;
Mother says he's gone to heaven—
I am going when I die!
Little children—all the good ones—
Jesus loves with tender care,
And I know he'll not refuse me
When I ask for brother there!

Oh, how hard it was for mother,
When she heard his parting sigh;
When around his couch we gathered;
When we sobbed to see him die!
But when gently heaved his bosom,
Jesus heard his silent prayer,
And I know he'll not refuse me
When I ask for brother there!

Now his little chair is vacant!
Hushed his voice when prayers are said!
One "good night" we all are missing,
From his white, unruffled bed.
Mother says an angel took him—
Bore him home a spirit fair,
And I know *he'll* not refuse me
When I ask for brother there!

On his marbled, snowy bosom,
Gentle hands had placed a rose!

How I wonder if that blossom
Round him still its fragrance throws!
When the angel came and took him,
It was blooming still so fair,
That in heaven I'm sure he'll wear it.
And I'll know my brother there!

O my brother! darling brother!
Surely I shall meet you there!
In that land of angel story,
Land of bliss and dreamless glory,
Land unknown to fear of dying,
Toil or sorrow, pain or sighing—
In that land, O angel brother!
Surely I shall meet you there!

FLOWING FOUNTAIN.

Cooling fountain, play with mirth,
Dancing in that silent shade,
Boiling from the deepest earth,
Gliding through the fertile glade;

Sparkling in the burning sun,
Twinkling full of stars by night,
Catching rain-drops, one by one,
Dripping from the creviced height.

How the bright blue sky is seen
Glistening on thy crystal bed,
Where is traced the evergreen
Gently waving overhead!

Of thy beverage let me drink,
When returning from my toil,
Stooping o'er thy mossy brink,
Where thy floods incessant boil.

Cooling breezes gently come,
Through the bushes, reeds and brake,
Where the bees, with steady hum,
Keep the flowery hedge awake.

Yes, they come with fairy grace,
Softly kissing, as they pass,
Every wrinkle from thy face,
Blushing 'neath o'erhanging grass.

But there is no rest for thee,
Quiet as thy waters seem;
Thou art pressing for the sea,
Ever-flowing little stream!

Down the mountains high and steep,
O'er the rocks where mosses cling,
Through the gorges long and deep,
How thy waters laugh and sing!

Murmur on thy pleasant way,
Whirl the sand along thy shore,
Catch the rays of breaking day,
Then in vapors sunward soar!

In the distance thou wilt meet
Other joyful company—
Rippling brooklets bright and fleet,
Also pressing for the sea.

My cottage seemed a lonely place,
And I forsaken quite,—PAGE 97.

Then together thou wilt flow,
Sweetly mingling song with song,
Till the mighty rivers show
How in union all are strong.

O, sweet fountain! as thou art
Constant in thy daily flow,
May the lesson teach my heart
Thus in constant worth to grow.

CONTENTMENT.

The night was dark on Ira's hill,
The sky put on a scowl,
When at the great Jehovah's will,
The east wind raised its howl.
The splashing rain in torrents fell
From heaven's eternal fount,
And many streams, with sudden swell,
Descended every mount.

My cottage seemed a lonely place,
And I forsaken quite,
Though forms within of spectral face,
I saw by candle light.
The rattling casements roughly spoke,
Of raging storms abroad,
And every blast my silence broke,
To speak the name of God.

More fierce the furious tempest grew,
And louder grew the din,

As blast with blast in vengeance flew,
And strove the race to win.
The shingled roof received the charge
Of mingled snow and hail,
While crevices were gaping large,
To drink the passing gale.

I murmured when my roving thought
Could see the lordly halls,
Where cunning art had nicely wrought
The ornamented walls:
'Twas that my lot so humbly spread,
Could scarcely give relief,
While others laughed at storms o'erhead,
And pitied not my grief.

Just then a feeble rap awoke
My weak, complaining soul;
I bade come in,—a stranger spoke,
And wept without control:—
"O, sir, my want unconquered pleads,
A refuge from the storm,
And if your heart in pity bleeds,
Receive this human form!"

I placed a chair beside the fire,
And saw him seated there;
His voice, as sweet as Orpheus' lyre,
My soul could hardly bear.
Intently fixed in deepest thought,
He sat but half awake,
Till burning words his senses caught,
And thus to me he spake:

"How many poor would gladly own
This humble cot of yours,
Who brave the pelting storms alone,
In this cold world of ours;
But if you wish your lot to change—
As you have murmuring been—
Just take my place and lonely range,
A fallen world to sin."

My soul was struck! my heart withdrew!
My body shook with pain,
When through my mind this sentence flew,
A *wanderer in the rain!*
A heavenly light dawned in my mind—
I saw my happy lot,
And praised my Maker ever kind,
For such a humble cot.

MUSIC.

My musing heart is sad and lonely
At this bright eve's commencing hour,
And to my eye but one star only,
Is looking now from Nature's bower.
O, yes, I grieve in deepest sorrow,
Though all around me seems so bright;
Not one dim ray my heart will borrow,
To give its dark reflections light!

But O, what strains are softly playing
Around my listless, sullen ear?

Where has the summer breeze been straying,
To bring such cheering music here?
O, yes, 'tis music! how it lingers
Upon the fragrant summer air!
Though lightly move the fairy's fingers,
The music seems a charmer there.

Now doth my heart forget its throbbings,
And grieving thoughts retire in peace;
The breezes bear no more my sobbings—
'Tis music gives this sweet release.
It's in the sky, it's on the mountain,
It's murmuring in the river's tide,
It's in the grove, it's by the fountain,
It fills the air on every side!

O, shall I hear such strains when dying,
Just as I take my flight away?
When breezes through my window sighing,
Shall come around my bed to play?
Yes, angels then will join their voices,
And singing, waft me up on high;
O, how my soul in hope rejoices,
To join those songs in yonder sky!

Thus when this life seems dark and dreary,
Surrounded by a camp of foes,
And we become fatigued and weary,
Amid the stir of human woes,
O, who can tell how music's measure,
Will drive away each touch of pain?
For every fear supply a pleasure,
To give the heart new strength again?

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

Oh! strew his grave with flowers!
'Tis well, while Spring is near,
To mingle flower and silent tear
For him who moulders here!
Then o'er the grave
Where sleeps the brave,
We'll strew our fragrant flowers!

How softly fall spring-showers!
They are but heavenly tears
To wake the flowers, when Spring appears,
O'er him who never hears!
Then o'er the grave
Where sleeps the brave,
We'll strew our frgrant flowers!

How still his mighty powers!
No terrors make him start!
Alarms seize not his warrior-heart!
In strifes he bears no part!
Yet, o'er the grave
Where sleeps the brave,
We still will strew our flowers!

Watch now the passing hours!
When evening shades are spread,
And noise and care once more have fled,
We'll linger with the dead,
And o'er the grave
Where sleeps the brave,
Still strew our fragrant flowers!

Of marble build his towers!
They point to Heaven where he,
The faithful soldier, longed to be,
From wars and carnage free!
Yet, o'er the grave
Where sleeps the brave,
We still will strew our flowers!

Yes, strew his grave with flowers!
'Tis here we soon repose!
Weep though we may, the slumberer knows
No voice—no fear of foes!
Yet, o'er the grave
Where sleeps the brave,
We'll strew these fragrant flowers!

A BOAT SONG.

How smoothly glides our light canoe!
How gently strikes the oar!
Wave after wave bursts into view,
And dies along the shore!
How swiftly o'er the waters blue,
In pleasure on we float!
What hearty voices from our crew,
Awake the echoing note!

The glassy sea is calm and still,
No billows break around;
The sparkling fall of the distant rill,
Hath but a murmuring sound.

The Boat-Ride.

The sprightly birds, on fairy wing,
Sweep through the spotless sky;
They dive and rise in many a ring,
Then soar away on high.

As sunset dies along the hills,
Ten thousand wonders rise,
And darting rays, like summer rills,
Descend the evening skies.
The distant mountain's woody height,
Throws back the fading rays,
Till sinks to rest that blessed light,
The cheerer of our days.

The parting breeze begins to blow;
It murmurs o'er the sea;
The waves arise and waters flow,
But, oh! our hearts are free!
Yes, round our barks the waters play,
And lightly swells the foam,
To cheer our hearts as far away
We leave the light of home.

Above us, see the dreaming stars
Send down their mellow light,
As Phœbus shuts his glowing bars,
To welcome silent night!
Like angel eyes they're gleaming now,
High in the concave blue,
Or trembling round the jutting prow,
That cuts the light waves through.

Thus on we float with steady song,
While dark the shadows grow
Around the oars we pull so strong,
And light our spirits flow.
Now hark! how still is Nature's voice,
Save Night's soft, pensive strain!
But home at last, our hearts rejoice,
To greet its light again.

THE SHEPHERD'S DAUGHTER.

It was a summer morning when everything was still,
I passed an humble cottage, far up on yonder hill;
The spot was so enchanting, though far away alone,
I wished it were my dwelling with one to call my own.
Just as my step had brought me before the lowly door,
I heard a strain of music; it went but came no more!
Again, that voice was praying! it touched my listening ear;
'Twas help of God imploring with reverential fear!

It was the Shepherd's daughter, a fair and lovely maid,
And often I had seen her beneath the pear-tree's shade;
I hurried by the cottage, a little up the hill,
And found me by a fountain whence flowed a singing rill.
I sat me there a weeping—no comfort for my mind,
And soon with fright I started—but 'twas the maid behind!
She sought the cooling water which there doth ever glide,
And when she saw my sorrow, she bade my tears be dried!

How kind were the caresses she lavished on my brow!
They soothed my heart's commotions, they cheer me
even now!
She heard my story stated, and smiled that she should
be,
The one to cheer my dwelling among the mountains
free.
No more shall be my sorrows, they all have pased
away,
And I will live contented within my cottage gray;
For oh, beside that water we made the vow alone,
And soon the Shepherd's daughter will ever be my own!

SPRING.

When from the warmer sphere,
The sun returning rides up southern skies,
Its genial rays revive the drooping year,
And make the flowerets rise.

Though Winter's icy hand
Has clasped the tender plant in close embrace,
Those cheering beams breathe virtue in the land,
And melt its snowy face.

The hard and frosty ground
Absorbs the warmth from Taurus' height sent down,
And every gray-grown plant, where life is found,
Lifts up a golden crown.

The barren trees extend
Their budding limbs to embrace the passing gale;
And shooting leaves their parent trees defend
With downy coats of mail.

The farmer hears a call
To dig the soil, and cast the sprouting seed;
His hay-fed cattle, loosened from the stall,
Bound o'er the springy mead.

All Nature seems to feel
Returning life through every frozen vein;
Insects appear; and singing birds reveal
Sweet Spring in every strain.

Who does not feel delight,
When Winter wheels before approaching Spring
To Northern climes, and wild birds take their flight
Behind on harrow-wing? *

Who has not walked the fields
Some cloudless morn, and watched the springing grass?
Or viewed the blooming trees, whose fragrant yields
Are richest of the class?

He who displays no taste
For Nature's scenes thus decked with all that's fair,
Must lead a lonely, soulless life, and waste
The good he ought to bear,

* Wild geese, in their flight over the northern regions frequently have two long lines stretching out from the leader like the capital letter A, and this being a common form for a harrow, gives rise to the above expression.

Spring cheers the waking soul!
O, what an emblem of this life of man!
But life once passed, is gone, though seasons roll
As when they first began!

CENTENNIAL GREETING.

(United States of America. 1876.)

Hear all ye nations, earth surrounding,
The welcome voice from Freedom's shore,
Where Plenty, in her stores abounding,
Invites the stranger to her door.

They come, but not a conquering legion,
For murder, torture, or for spoil,
But friends of Peace, from every region,
To plant their love in Freedom's soil.

One hundred years, so short and fleeting,
In silent train have passed away,
And from our land dark shades retreating
Unfold a bright Centennial day.

Awake! that glorious day now dawning
O'er all the earth in radiance flies!
Remotest nations hail the morning,
And songs of greeting fill the skies.

O, all ye nations, while we bring
The tributes of a people free,
Loud hallelujahs let us sing
To Him who rules the earth and sea.

THE TROUBLED HEART.

Dear Saviour take this troubled heart,
  Unworthy though it be,
Remove the sin from every part,
  Then give it back to me.
I must become a child of thine;
  Then give me, Lord, I pray,
A zeal to seek thy love divine,
  Ere hope has passed away!

Why do I feel such heavy pain,
  When thou hast power to save?
Why seek thy face so long in vain,
  And fear thy love to crave?
My guilty soul can never tell
  What anxious fears arise,
To think its home may be in hell,
  And not in Paradise.

Thy blood alone can make me whole—
  From pride and passion free;
Give peace and comfort to my soul,
  And faith, dear Lord, in Thee!
Yes, in thy name I long to trust,
  And lose this weight of grief;
To Thee I come—I know I must—
  "Lord, help my unbelief!"

Yes, Savior, take this troubled heart,
  Unworthy though it be,
Remove the sin from every part,
  Then give it back to me!

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE.

(Written after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill in 1850.)

Oh, why those wailings o'er our land,
That pierce the heart with grief?
Why heave those groans at man's command,
With none to give relief?
From crowded cities hear the cry
Of children asking bread,
Where famished men in cellars lie,
By fears of bondage led.

Long has the cry of slavery rung,
A fearful, dreaded name,
And o'er our land a blemish flung—
A boasting nation's shame.
Must Afric's sons still bear the chain?
Still feel the Christian's rod?
Still must his back endure a pain
Offensive to his God?

Lo! from the south a dismal blast
Distresses many an ear,
Where threatening clouds their shadows cast,
Where rough the storms appear.
Now, in his cell, the hunted slave
Awaits in deepest gloom,
With palsied frame, to hear the knave
Pronounce his servile doom.

Nor dares he leave his cellar door,
To seek the bracing air,
But restless walks his strawy floor,
With but a scanty fare.
Thus from the light doth he withdraw;
Thus shun the face of men,
Because he fears his country's law
That makes him slave again.

Dragged from that cell, his haggard face
Portrays a human mind,
A member of some giant race—
A captive now confined.
Once feared he no such cruel power
As now his will restrains;
Nor would he bear one single hour
Such life-enslaving chains.

Down where the broad plantations stand,
He bore the driver's lash,
And daily worked the burning sand,
With many a smarting gash.
Cannot those masters feel the pain
Such chains and lashes give?
Have they no love for other gain,
That men may freemen live?

Bears not a slave a human form,
By God for freedom made?
Should dark complexions raise the storm
That follows human trade?

Oh! ye inhuman wretches, stand!
Think what yourselves would be,
Should other master's stronger hand
Destroy your liberty!

How long shall such oppression reign,
To wring a free-born heart,
Which, writhing 'neath the galling chain,
Condemns the human mart?
Should Judgment now in pomp decend
To equalize her claim,
Where would strict justice find an end,
In this proud land of fame?

THE LITTLE FLOWER GIRL.

(The little flower girl who goes her rounds at certain hours of the day in the vicinity of Broad and Chestnut streets—how her presence lights up the neighborhood! Her kind look and pleasant smile, as she carries on her arm a pretty basket of fresh cut camellias, pinks, azalias, etc., dispensing them to her customers with native grace, none can fail to notice

In language most gentle, she gives you the name both common and scientific of each flower, with the precision of an experienced botanist, and will inform you when the next new plant will make its appearance.

God bless the little flower girl, and may her career be a life as bright as the carnation, and pure as the camellia.—*Evening Star, Philadelphia, Feb.* 21, 1871.)

The pretty little flower girl,
With sweetly beaming face,
Doth daily meet the passing crowd,
With most becoming grace.
Upon her arm her basket hangs,
Supplied with treasures rare,

And, like her own inviting smile,
They blossom sweetly there!

That pretty little flower girl,
For all has sweet replies,
And one by one she mentions o'er
Each blossom as a prize:
The common or the classic name
She artlessly repeats,
And thus the modest maid receives
The praise of all she meets.

That pretty little flower girl
Seems like an angel sent
With magic in her winning ways,
To make the proud relent;
And may she ever, ever bear
Along life's toilsome way,
Those emblems of a useful life,
That point to endless day.

O, the pretty little flower girl,
Her mission how divine!
And as a faithful guiding star,
Long may her actions shine!

WELCOME HOME!

(Written at the close of the Great Rebellion.)

When I was down in Dixie at work for Uncle Sam,
A fighting Rebs for greenbacks, for hardtack, beans and ham,

And on the field of battle I saw the soldiers spring,
I thought of home and loved ones, and seemed to hear them sing:
Cheer up! cheer up brother! the war will soon be o'er!
Then welcome home, welcome home, as happy as of yore!
Cheer up! cheer up brother! the victory must come,
When we will sing, Welcome home, welcome, welcome home!

One night away off yonder, my duty nearly done,
A lonely picket dreaming, a-leaning on my gun,
I heard the somber forests with happy voices ring!
The loved at home had gathered, and thus I heard them sing: Cheer up, etc.

The rain in floods was falling, as on the ground I lay;
I dreamed of home and loved ones I knew were far away;
But 'mong the pine tree branches I saw a vision spring—
I saw my mother's features; I heard sweet voices sing:
Cheer up, etc.

Diseased and ragged, starving, I laid me down to die,
In prison pens so filthy—Heaven save the tender eye;—
But visions through the grating would still their comforts bring—
I saw my father's household, and heard them sweetly sing: Cheer up, etc.

I've laid aside my shoddy; the war they say is o'er!
This song we all are singing, that *man is slave no more!*
Then to the good old Union forever let us cling,
And while once more united, old household let us sing:

Cheer up! cheer up brothers! the cruel war is o'er!
Then welcome home, welcome home, we're happier
than of yore!
Cheer up! cheer up brothers! the victory has come,
And we'll all sing, Welcome home, welcome, wel-
come home!

GROWING WEARY.

I'm growing weary of this life—
So tossed on time's unsteady tide,
Where every day's increasing strife,
My feeble strength can scarce abide.

The stirring scenes of a noisy world
Have long oppressed my aching ear,
Though on the walls of Faith, unfurled,
The flag of Hope doth yet appear.

Still, there are scenes o'er which I sigh,
Long held in Memory's fond embrace,
Whose grand impressions never die,
And naught beside can e'er replace.

'Tis when the wanderer roams the earth,
Where fickle fortune casts its smiles,
That oft the place that gave him birth,
Once more his passing hours beguiles.

O, how I sigh for those bright days,
Like evening clouds forever gone,
With my best joys and youthful plays,
That cheered my once most happy morn!

I see the lawns, and dasied fields,
And clover hillsides all aglow;
But now my scythe another wields,
Whose sturdy face I scarcely know.

I seem to hear a murmuring noise,
Half smothered, from the valley rise,
Where oft I played with other boys,
Down where the truant school path lies.

O, 'tis that silvery, singing brook,
Still flowing just beneath the hill,
Where mud-dams rose at every crook,
To turn the wheels of my boyish mill.

Those joyous days, though long since o'er,
Still murmur like that singing stream,
And like it, too, in the evening shower,
O'erflow their banks in my ceaseless dream.

Now when I think of those fair days,
As hours of leisure round me fall,
My dizzy soul forgets the maze
Of this wild world, to claim them all.

O, fair New England! See her hills!
Their heads are pointing heavenward yet;
And though the wind of winter chills,
A summer's heat they ne'er forget.

A solemn thought comes o'er me now,
To think how weary I have grown;—
How fast my form doth seem to bow,
As on through time I move alone.

O, dear New England! Lend thine ear,
Awhile I make one last request:
"When I have passed death's ordeal here,
Within thy bosom let me rest!"

In some lone church-yard, where the dews
Of evening fall so silently,
Beside *one* grave my own I'll choose,
And there await eternity!

OUR NATIVE LAND IS FREE.

Sons of Freedom! lift your voices,
Sing the song of Liberty;
Every patriot heart rejoices,
For our Native land is free!

Proudly still our Nation's banner,
Floating in the sky I see,
And while winds of heaven fan her,
Sing, "Our Native Land is free!"

Freedom's voice is loudly ringing
O'er the land, from sea to sea;
Then again, while sweetly singing,
Shout, "Our Native Land is free!"

Yes, ye freemen, let your cheering
For the Union ever be;—
Trust in God—no danger fearing,
He has made our country free!

TRANSLATIONS.

CADMUS AND HERMIONE CHANGED TO SERPENTS.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK IV, LINE 563.

Now Cadmus knew not Ino and her son,
O'er all the sea, a godlike power had won.—
By sorrows, and by trains of evils led;
By prodigies of which he many had,
The trembling founder from his city flees,
As if not his—the family's fate he sees;
And wandering long, at length, o'er land and sea,
Rest in Illyricum his wife and he.
And there, while they review the somber past,
The blighting sorrows o'er his lineage cast;
And too, retrace their toils o'erhung with fears,
But wiser grown with trials and with years,
Thus Cadmus speaks: "I wonder if by grace,
That snake I killed, was of a sacred race?
And too, that seed, those viper teeth, I sowed,
While leaving Sidon, on my muddy road?
Now if for him the gods such power maintain,
And for his death cannot that power restrain,
I pray that I may from my reason leap,
And like the serpent on my belly creep."

He said: and like him, long his belly grows;
He feels the scales his spotting body shows;
Upon his breast he falls, for footsteps fail;

His legs uniting twist into a tail.
His arms remain; as such he them extends;
With speech unchanged, thus he his wife befriends:
"O, come! affrighted wife, while aught remains,
Receive this hand which still its power retains!
Oh! touch me ere the final change be past,
And I a serpent in the fields am cast!"
He wishes still of thoughts to utter more;
But, lo! his tongue divides, his speech is o'er!
Words fail him now, though sad complaints arise;
He tries to speak, but hisses when he tries.
This voice remains; and as his wife draws near,
She strikes her breast, expressing thus her fear:
"O Cadmus, stay! put off this horrid scene!
Unhappy man! What, Cadmus, does it mean?
Where are thy shoulders, hands, complexion, feet,
Thy face, thy all, while I these words repeat?
O, why not change, ye gods, th' unhappy wife,
That with him she may share the serpent's life!"

She ceased: her lips he kissed, her bosom sought,
Embraces gave, her neck his folds had caught.
(Now his companions who the scene had viewed,
Affrighted stood.) But still with love renewed,
The crested dragon's slippery neck she pressed,
And in a trice two snakes the place infest.
And in this state they have no fear of man,
Nor do they sting as other serpents can;
But what at first they may have had of fame,
The quiet snakes remember still the same.

POLLIO.

FROM VIRGIL, FOURTH ECLOGUE.

Sicilian Muse! Let noble songs arise!
Woods please not all, nor humble tamarisks!
If groves we sing, let them a Consul grace.

The closing age of the Cumean song
Is come; revives once more the mighty scene.
A Virgin comes!—comes the Saturnian queen,
And from high heaven another race descends.
O chaste Lucina! now the coming child
Befriend, who first the iron age shall end,
Then o'er the world entire, the golden one
At once begin, for great Apollo reigns.

'Tis from thy consulate, O Pollio!
This noble age shall date – these glorious months
Shall flow. If with us still there should remain
A trace of sin, thou guide, from endless fears,
The earth wilt free. He, from the gods, shalt life
Receive, see heroes mix with gods, and he
By them be seen, as o'er a peaceful earth
Shall his paternal virtues ever reign.

For thee, O child! uncultivated fields
Shall first small gifts of wandering ivy grow,
Of fragrant bacca, and acanthus, mixed
With smiling colocasium. Then kids,
With milk-distended udders, home return:

Nor shall the flock the mighty lions fear.
Alluring flowers shall from thy cradle spring;
Serpents shall die; no noxious herbs appear,
But everywhere Assyrian spices grow.
But when of deeds heroic, and of acts
Ancestral thou shalt read, and virtue know,
O'er yellow fields shall ripening harvests swell;
The blushing grape on vines uncultured hang;
And honey dews from knotted oaks drop down.

Of frauds of old, a vestige shall remain,
Commanding men to dare the sea in ships;
Walled cities build; the ground to furrow deep.
Then shall another Tiphys rise, and too,
Another Argo chosen heroes bear.
Then other wars shall rage, and once again
The great Archilles be returned to Troy.

But when to manhood thou at length shalt pass,
And men forsake the sea, and ships of pine
No goods exchange, then earth all things shall bear;
No harrows rend the soil; no knife the vine;
The laborer from the yoke his oxen free;
No wool be dyed in colors not its own:
But in the fields the ram his fleece shall change,
Now to a purple's most absorbing blush,
Or to a golden saffron hue; and too,
The grazing lamb vermillion shall put on.

"O swiftly now these happy ages turn,"
To busy spindles spake concordant Fates,
With faith unchanged in Destiny's decree.

The time draws near; for mighty honors move,
Dear offspring of the gods—great son of Jove!
See now the convex world a moving mass!
The earth, the mighty sea, the heavens profound,
All now rejoicing wait the coming age.

O, were my days, my latter days prolonged,
With spirits meet to celebrate thy fame,
My verse should not to Thracian Orpheus yield,
Nor yet to Linus, though a mother's love—
Calliope—her Orpheus should inspire,
Or fair Apollo thus his Linus aid:
Were Pan Arcadian judges to implore,
Yet Pan Arcadian judges would despise.

Fair boy! with smiles thy mother now discern,
Who bore thee ten long months with ceaseless qualms!
Fair boy, begin! though parents deign no smile,
Nor god invites thee to his bounteous board,
Nor goddess deems thee worthy of her bed.

SPRING.

FROM THE GREEK OF ANACREON.

When Spring appears with gentle grace,
O how it lights the rose-bud's face,
And how the wave amid the sea
Assumes a calm tranquility!
Now see the duck swim on its breast!
See journeying cranes awake from rest!
See Titan proud his radiance yield,

And clouds in shadows roam the field!
And with a beauty quite divine,
See how the works of mortals shine!
The earth bows down beneath its fruits;
The olive bends with all its shoots;
The streams of roaring waters flow,
With verdure crowned where'er they go;
And every leaf and every bough,
With swelling fruit is hanging now.

CUPID STUNG.

FROM THE GREEK OF ANACREON.

Once Cupid did not see
Among the flowers the sleeping bee,
But was stung. He howled with fright,
Though but his finger felt the bite,
And running—flying in his pains,
To Venus fair he thus complains:
"I perish, mother!" is his cry;
"I perish! O, I shall—shall die!
A little serpent winged pierced me—
The husbandman calls it a bee."
But she replied: "If thus its spur
Gives so much pain, how much a stir
Now dost thou think thy stings invite,
As much as *thou* art wont to smite?"

THE CICADA.

FROM THE GREEK OF ANACREON.

Little cricket, happy thing,
Perched in yon high tree, a king,
Singing there, and drinking, too,
The pearly drops of evening dew.
What thou seest in the fields;
Everything the forest yields;
Grass and flower, bush and tree,
All afford their joys for thee.
Thou art dear to mortals all,
Harvest prophet, in thy call—
Friendly to the husbandman,
Harming not his skillful plan.
The Muses in thy song agree:
Phœbus showed his love for thee,
When he gave to thee a song
Sharp and clear, shrill and strong;
And old age ne'er blasts thy mirth,
O thou wise one, son of earth,
Songster, peaceful, bloodless, odd,
Thou who art almost a god!

THE CONCEITED SON PUNISHED.

FROM THE GERMAN.

The first half year had scarcely gone,
When with philosophy
Well filled, came Fritz, the hopeful son,
From the academy.

Scarce came he in the mansion old,
  Than showed the learned man
At meal-time, wisdom's treasured gold,
  Displaying what he can.

"'Tis true," says he, "worthy papa,
  They say—as you can see—
That roasted two young fowls there are,
  But I say there are three.

"*Atqui*, two roasts you see are here;
  The *two* make *one* you know;
Ergo, my logic shows it clear,
  Three roasts there are, not two."

"Not so," replied the dear papa,
  "God bless you for your pains!
I *this* will take, *that* the mama.
  And you what yet remains!

HOPE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.

When in fearful, troubled hours,
  Crushed, the heart almost despairs;
When by sickness overburdened,
  Anguish on our spirits wears;
We, the true-beloved, remember,
  Griefs and sorrows may be fierce,
And with clouds our sight bewilder,
  Which no ray of light can pierce.

Then to us, with love inclining,
God himself our sorrows hears;
Then to Him we, too, returning,
See His angel through our tears.
Bring the chalice—love o'erflowing!
Whisper comfort in each breast;
Then ascends no vain petition,
Even for the lover's rest!

THE PILGRIM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

While life's fairest days were springing,
And abroad I longed to roam,
And while youth's fair dance was ringing—
Then I left my father's home.

Gifts paternal—my possessions—
I with cheerful trust refused,
Marching on with child-impressions,
With the pilgrim staff I used.

Then a mighty hope impressed me,
And with mystic words of cheer,
"On!" it cried, "the way invites thee,
Ever up and never fear!

"On, until a golden portal
Thou dost gain, there enter in!
Then will all things, sure, O mortal,
Heaven's eternal glories win."

Evening came, and came the morning;
Never, never stood I still;
Ever passed me, without warning,
What I sought, or dared to will.

Mountains raised their summits o'er me;
Streams delayed my weary feet;
But I pathed the gulfs before me,
Spanned with bridges waters fleet.

Soon I reached a river gliding,
Gliding towards the morning light;
To its care my all confiding,
In I plunged for rapid flight.

Thus I sought a mighty ocean,
By the playful billows chained;
Yond it lay, in restless motion,
With the end no nearer gained.

Ah! no path can lead me thither!
Ah! the heavens above me clear,
To the earth can ne'er come hither,
And the *Yonder* ne'er be *Here!*

THE YOUTH AT THE FOUNTAIN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

By the fount the boy was sitting,
Wreathing flowerets him beside,
Till he saw them from him fleeting,
Moving on the dancing tide:—

"Thus my days are also fleeting,
Like this fountain, so unstayed,
And my youth its bloom is losing,
Like this wreath so quick to fade.

"Ask me not why I am grieving,
While with life my spirit thrives;
All, I see, with hope is joyful,
When the smiling Spring revives.
But the thousand swelling voices,
Which in Nature waken life,
Only waken in my bosom,
Most unpleasant scenes of strife.

"From this joy what shall I profit,
Though Spring bids my heart be gay?
One there is my heart is seeking—
She is near—yet far away.
Lovingly my arms I open,
For the vision naught has chilled;
But alas! I cannot reach it,
And my heart remains unfilled.

"But, fair friend, pray turn thee hither!
Let thy castle sink from view!
Then the blossoms Spring is bringing,
On thy bosom will I strew.
Then with songs will ring the forest;
Then the laughing fount be clear;
For there's room in smallest cottage,
For one happy, loving pair."

THE GLOW-WORM.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Unconscious of her star-like gleam,
A glow-worm spread her radiant beam,
And thought a quiet life to pass
In her abode among the grass.
A toad, her neighbor, softly stole
Upon the moss—a lazy soul—
And at her shot his poison breath.
"Ah!" cried the worm, in pangs of death,
"What wrong to thee have I e'er done?"
The monster toad, as if in fun,
Made this reply, in one short line:
"Why dost thou shine?"

THE GRADUAL SCALE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF PFEFFEL.

A sparrow saw upon a bough
A fine fat fly; nor would it give
A listening ear, nor life allow.
"Ah!" cried the fly, "pray let me live!"
"No," spake the murderer, "thou art mine,
Denn ich bin gross und Du bist klein."*

*For I am great and thou art small.

A hawk o'erheard the sparrow's shout;
Nor with such ease was fly e'er won
As youngster sparrow. He cried out:
"Oh, set me free! What have I done?"
"No," spake the murderer, "thou art mine,
Denn ich bin gross und Du bist klein."

An eagle near, which chanced to be,
Upon him rushed and rent him sore.
"Great king," cried he, "my liberty
Pray give! Why hack me more?"
"No," spake the murderer, "thou art mine,
Denn ich bin gross und Du bist klein."

He feasted not; for like a flash,
An arrow pierced his downy breast.
"O tyrant!" cried the murderer rash,
"Why by thy bow am I distressed?"
"Ah!" spake the murderer, "thou art mine,
Denn ich bin gross und Du bist klein."

HENRY THE FOWLER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KLOPSTOCK.

The foe appears! The strife begins!
On to the victory near!
Our leader is the bravest man
In the whole fatherland!

This day no sickness on him preys,
But hither bring they him.

Hail, Henry! Hail, thou hero, man,
Upon the iron field!

Ambition in his features glows;
He to us victory brings;
Indeed, he holds the noble helm
With hostile blood bedewed.

Let flashing beams surround thee,
Sword of the Emperor's hand,
That every deadly, flying arrow,
May from him turn away!

Then welcome death for the fatherland!
For though our heads may sink
With blood bedecked, yet shall we die
For our glorious fatherland!

If on an open field we meet,
And death alone shall see
Around us spread, then conquer we
For our glorious fatherland!

Then with high steps we'll lightly tread,
Where fallen comrades lie;
Then raise the wild victorious shout
Of our triumphant band!

Our praises then with wildness sing
The bridegroom and the bride!
And as he sees our proud flags wave,
He presses her soft hand,

And to her speaks: "There, there they come!
The war-gods hither come!
They fight where hottest battles rage,
They fight for you and me!

Our praises sing, with tears of joy,
The mother and her child;
While pressing to her heart her boy,
Our Emperor doth she scan.

A fadeless glory crowns our name,
When thus in death we fall,
When die we for our fatherland,
As honored soldiers die.

PRAYER DURING BATTLE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER.

Father, I call on Thee!
The smoke of roaring arms doth me confound!
Now flashes vivid dart with death around!
Leader of battle! I call on Thee!
O Father! lead Thou me!

O Father! lead Thou me!
In victory or death, lend me Thy hand!
Lord, well I know the voice of Thy command!
Lord, as Thou wilt so lead Thou me!
O God, behold I Thee!

O God, behold I Thee!
As in the autumn leaflet's rattle,
So in the thunder-storm of battle,
Thou Fount of mercy, do I see!
O Father, bless Thou me!

O Father, bless Thou me!
Into Thy hand my life is driven;
Thou canst it take - it Thou hast given!
In life or death, O, bless Thou me!
Father, I worship Thee!

Father, I worship Thee!
'Tis not a combat pressed for earthly hoard;
Thy holy ones defend we with the sword;
So, live or die, I worship Thee!
O God, yield I to Thee!

O God, yield I to Thee!
And when death's thunders shall have laid me low;
When from my open veins my blood shall flow;
To Thee, my God, yield I to Thee!
Father, I call on Thee!

NEMOROSO'S COMPLAINT.

FROM THE SPANISH OF GARCILOSO DE LA VEGA.

As shades increase, when sinks away
The blazing sun at close of day,
And o'er the world, so fair and bright,
Descends the dark obscuring night,

Wherein to us so oft appear
The dreaded forms of fright and fear,
Till through those shades the sun once more
Doth her pure light upon us pour:
So in thy death, a long, dark night,
With shades and fears, obscures my sight,
Till I, through death, once more shall see
In thee a sun directing me.
As doth the nightingale, in vain,
In sorrowing song, so oft complain—
While hid among the trembling leaves—
Of the sad pain the laborer gives,
When, cautiously, from her dear nest,
He bears her young from home and rest,
While she, in daily search, away
Unusual time had chanced to stay;
And as that grief, so deep, she feels,
Bursts from her throat in sorrowing peals,
As home she leaves, and on the air
The song remains, a dream of care;
Nor in the silent night can find
Relief for her lamenting mind,
But carries all her load of woe
To heaven, where stars with pity glow:—
So to my grief do I give rein;
And thus do I in vain complain
At death, at wrathful, cruel death.
Yet, to my soul, like balmy breath,
Her love returns—as once it flowed—
To her dear nest, her loved abode.

INFINITY.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF LEOPARDI.

This solitary hill always to me
Seemed dear; and this enclosure, which, of much
Of the horizon far, the view excludes.
Immovable and wondering, of space
Interminate beyond, of silence far
Exceeding human sense, and quiet most
Profound, I there in pleasure dream, where fright
Scarce moves the heart. And as the wind I hear
Sweep through these plants, that silence infinite
I with this voice compare: and yet to me,
By aid eternal, and with seasons fled,
The thought still lives, nor dies the sound. Though drowned
In this immensity my mind may be,
In such a sea most sweet the shipwreck is.

THE POET'S SIGH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

Oh, upon wings up in the sky,
Now let me fly, now let me fly!
Nor longer make me dream and pine
Far from those worlds' unknown confine;
Yes, let me fly to worlds away,
Where I can see when shades display
The seaman's light of home and love;—

It is enough of dream and woe,
For me to hear this voice below,
Since one can hear it best above.

Oh, let me go with wings or sails!
The ship is armed and fresh the gales!
I long to see the southern glow!
The starry Cross its radiance throw!
Perhaps we in that other land,
May find the cliff of the silvery strand,
Beneath the natural order given;
And there the son who strikes the lyre,
May read with ease those words of fire,
Upon that other page of heaven.

TWO COFFINS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KERNER.

Two coffins near each other stand—
The old Cathedral's guests;
King Otmar's form in this one lies,
In that a singer rests.

The king once sat in glorious might,
High on the fathers' throne;
Still in his hand we see his sword,
And on his head the crown.

But close beside the mighty king
We see a singer's guise;
And in his hand the gentle harp
Beside the singer lies.

Now crushing round the people come;
  Now war-cries fill the land:—
The sword stirs not; but there it lies—
  There, in the dead king's hand!

But when the breezes, soft and mild,
  From vallevs waft along,
The singer's harp with life resounds
  In everlasting song!

THE LEAF.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ARNAULT.

Upon thy stem no more to grow,
Poor withered leaf, where dost thou go?
"My future course I do not know!
The storm has struck the mighty oak;
My sole support fell by the stroke.
From that sad day, the fickle air
Which zephyrs and the north-winds wear,
From forest lead me to the plain;
From mountain to the valley main:
  I go where'er the wind may veer,
  Without complaint, without a fear;
I go where every loved thing goes,
Where goes the leaf of the fading rose,
  Where goes the leaf of the laurel sere."

THE FAIRY-KING'S DAUGHTER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.

Lord Oluf rides far—till the coming of night;
The guests to his wedding he rides to invite.

Where Faries' feet dance on the green grassy land,
The Fairy-king's daughter extends him her hand.

"Welcome, Lord Oluf, why hence dost thou flee?
Come stand in the line and dance with me."

I dare not dance, nor to dance can I stay,
For at dawn of to-morrow is my wedding day.

"Listen, Lord Oluf! come dance with me,
Then two golden spurs will I give to thee;

"And a silken shirt, so white and fine—
My mother has bleached it in soft moonshine."

I dare not dance, nor to dance can I stay,
For at dawn of to-morrow is my wedding day.

"Listen, Lord Oluf! come dance with me,
Then a pile of gold will I give to thee."

Though a pile of gold would serve me so well,
Yet to dance I dare not, nor for it can dwell.

"And wilt thou, Lord Oluf, not dance with me?
Must contagion and sickness thy followers be?"

You may give him a stroke—a stroke on the heart,
Yet ne'er will he feel it—not even a smart.

On his horse she lifts him, almost without life:
"Now home ride away to your dear little wife."

And as he came riding to the house once more,
His mother, trembling, stood in the door.

"Now tell me direct, pray tell me, my son,
Why are thy features so pale and wan?"

And why should they not be pale and wan?
In the Fairy-king's land has been riding thy son.

"Listen, my son, so beloved and dear,
What word shall I give when thy bride shall appe ar?'

In the woods at this hour pray tell her I'm found,
To prove the condition of my horse and hound.

At the breaking of morn, ere scarce it was day,
Came the bride and her guests in nuptial array.

They poured out the mead, they poured out the wine:
"Where is Lord Oluf, that bridegroom of mine?"

In the woods at this hour, Lord Oluf is found,
To prove the condition of his horse and hound.

But the bride lifted up the scarlet red,
There lay Lord Oluf, and he was dead!

WINTER TRANSFORMED.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

While beneath the white trees sitting,
Hear the distant wild-winds wail;
See the clouds, so mutely flitting,
O'er them spread a misty veil.

See thou canst, o'erwhelmed and dying,
Woods and fields, so closely shorn;—
Winter in and round thee lying,
And thy heart by ice-chains torn.

Suddenly around thee falling,
White flakes come; and wilt thou be
Grieved, and deem the snows appalling,
From the trees shed down for thee?

'Tis no blustering snow-storm's bringing;
Soon its friendly form thou'lt see;
'Tis but fragrant blossoms springing,
Which annoy and cover thee.

What a magic transformation!
Winter wanders into May;
Snows with blossoms change relation,
And the heart renews its day.

THE BLIND BOY.

Mother, I had a dream last night,
And dreamed my sightless eyes
Beheld the rays of golden light,
That pierce the crystal skies,
Just as I've often heard you tell,
How cheering they appear,
As day by day they come to dwell
With mortals toiling here.

I walked amid the waving grass,
And round the garden too;
O, pretty flowers! they bade me pass,
And smiled through drops of dew.
I saw from whence the fragrance came—
The fragrance of the rose;—
I saw the bud with reddish flame,
Its swelling leaves expose.

I looked along the distant hills,
And saw herds grazing there;—
Amid the sportive mountain rills,
And in the valleys fair.
I saw the birds upon the trees—
Where oft I've heard them sing,
While briskly hopping in the breeze,
To plume their gaudy wing.

I saw the village yonder lie,
With crowds of people there;
Bright clouds were hanging in the sky,
Piled up as mountains are:
And cottages far o'er the land,
Were glittering neat and white,
Where darkly waving forests stand,
Or in the open light.

I hurried to the house, to see
Thine own dear face once more,
And seemed to find reality
In all about the door.
'Twas shut! The latch I could not raise,
A thing so strange it seemed;
I did not think how fancy plays
In scenes we've only dreamed.

I heard thy voice within the door!
I heard thy step draw near!
I sprang to clasp thee as of yore—
My dream had ended here!
And, oh! that face I did not see,
My blindness still I bear;
But, mother, in eternity,
No blindness will be there!

THE WRECK.

The day was fair upon the water;
A bark was floating on the tide;
The breezes blowing down the river,
The safety of that bark belied.

Within it sat a human being,
Charmed with the beauties of the day,
Forgetting how the hour of danger
Would drive such pleasant thoughts away.

See on the lips of that frail mortal
The wine-cup flashing in the sun!
He drinks the soul-destroying poison,
Defying death in what is done.

O, how the little bark is rocking,
Though tossed by neither storm nor tide!
It rocks beneath the reeling motion
Of him who rolls from side to side.

The fearful brink, O, see him nearing!
Behind how idly floats his oar!
But hark! what sounds of coming danger
Are rising in the cataract's roar?

Lift up your voices! Mortals hail him!
"O man, awake! There's death before!
Pull at those oars, and stop not—faint not!
Make haste! make haste and strike for shore!"

He's sleeping yet! Those rushing waters
Each moment still more roughly flow,
And down the stream, with rocking motion,
The fated bark doth swifter go.

Lift up again those voices louder,
And drown the wrathy cataract's roar;
Make heaven and earth repeat the echo,
"O, mortal man—quick! strike for shore!"

Hark! how the rocks beneath the water
Grind on that bark's half-yielding side!
Down—swifter—round and round it's whirling,
Now caught in the increasing tide!

Behold! There's life! That being human
Has felt the fierceness of those shocks,
And wakens from his drunken slumbers
To strike again those hidden rocks.

"O, listen, man! your life's in danger!
Arise! Be quick, and strike for shore!"
But, poised upon the fatal summit,
The little bark stands jutting o'er.

While on the brink so slightly hanging,
With trembling arms upraised in prayer,
The staggering drunkard downward plunges—
The Eye above alone knows where!

THOSE BRIGHT BLUE EYES.

I love to look on those bright blue eyes,
  Which shine in their splendor now,
Where deep in the heart enchantment lies,
  And love encircles the brow.

My ravished soul borne away on high,
  Would draw on affection's chain,
And crush the fiend that would tempt from that eye,
  A tear, or a moment's pain.

Those playful smiles that are always free
  On those lips of healthful glow,
May tempt a heart on the bended knee,
  Its signs of attachment show.

But oh, how long will those eyes so bright,
  Be suffered to stand unmoved?
How soon will cease that unshaded light,
  So long an endearment has proved?

The sun may rise in a cloudless sky,
  And shine with a noon tide ray,
But up from the west a tempest may fly,
  And hide the bright orb of day.

And thus, like the sun, those eyes in death,
  May sink in a cloud of sorrow;
But then, who can tell, when leaves the last breath,
  What glories appear to-morrow!

SONG OF MORNING.

Bright o'er the dewy lawn,
The golden sun is breaking,
And on the hill-tops morn
Her dazzling plume is shaking;
But chilly blows the mountain air
From cold Siberia's ocean,
Where winter storms their terrors wear,
In mingled deep commotion.
Though now they chill my veins,
They soon will cease their striving,
And noonday sun relieve the pains
The blasting frost is driving.

The fading hours of night,
Are from the valleys fleeting.
And trees in springing light,
Their warmer lays are beating.
'Tis heaven that makes the scene so fair,
That now is sweetly calling;
Though winter snows have laid it bare,
Those snows have ceased their falling.
Soon will the summer sun
Have reached its highest standing,
And moon and stars have rapid run,
O'er all these scenes commanding.

Then welcome to the morn,
While bright the sun is breaking!
The glorious day is born,
And singing birds are waking!

The fleecy clouds are on the wing,
Far up to heaven advancing,
Where morning breezes softly bring
The merry sunbeams dancing.
The smiling dewdrops feel
Those burning rays are coming
To help old Time revolve his wheel,
And keep the world a humming.

THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

Adieu, dear native mountains, and verdant hills farewell!
Dear native home and cottage, my heart with you must dwell!
Though billows, o'er the ocean, bear on this troubled heart,
My thoughts to thee reverting will cause a tear to start.

When sorrows round me gather and silvered is my hair,
With what profound emotion I'll breathe for thee a prayer!
Ye seem to me a heaven, so lovely are thy forms,
But I must go though lovely, and brave the ocean storms.

May sunshine o'er thee hover, and sorrows never reign;
Though me my life they follow, I never will complain;
Thou gavest me my birthright—a debt I owe to thee,
And ne'er can I forget it though roaming o'er the sea.

No more these feet may wander where once they gladly strayed;
No more may roam the meadows, nor seek the forest shade;
But thou shalt be far dearer, scenes of my early days,
Than every other pleasure the stranger's tongue may praise.

When this frail life is over and I am in my grave,
Still dream thou on forever, I live with Him who gave.
Farewell, home of my childhood, thy pleasing story tell!
Long wilt thou be remembered—dear native land, farewell!

THE CAT AND RAT.

A FABLE.

A rat by hunger sorely pressed,
To seek provision thought it best,
Ere want complete should come to rule
An unforeseeing, lazy fool.
Full well it knew the strength and will
Required of those who turn the mill,
Though Nature in her matchless plan,
Had offered food to every man,
If such reward he only sought,
With cheerful labor as he ought.
So, with them both at his command,
And with all rats a right to stand,
He need not die for want of food,
Though treacherous foes in sulky mood,

Like Hell's grim spirits, sought their prey
With ceaseless vengeance, night and day.
Short were his restless, broken naps,
Through fear of cats and snapping traps;
But venture could alone procure
Relief from death by starving, sure.

A knot-hole from his narrow bed,
Into a corn-crib open led,
Where oft was found a hearty meal
By hungry rats there wont to steal.
So through the hole he thrust his head,
With scanning eye and cautious tread;
Then softly crept out on the floor,
Not kenning Puss behind the door,
Preparing for a Christmas feast,
Upon an unsuspecting beast.

Undaunted now, the timid elf
With corn begins to stuff himself,
Expressing joy in ratish squeaks,
When lo! out jumps the cat and speaks:
"I have you now, you little thief!
Fate sends the dart, but no relief!
No more you'll train your thieving band
To desolate my native land,
Nor longer steal my master's grain,
To save you from the starving pain."

"But, hold!" replied the laughing rat;
"Give me a moment now for chat!
I may deceive your piercing eyes,
If I should act a little wise,

And use some means unknown to you,
To end at once this interview,
Though here you think I'm forced to stay.
But, faith! It seems another way,
On the other side I plainly see,
Although, perchance, unseen by thee.
I bid you now a long good by,
So catch me if you'd like to try."

His ratship jumped for the other side;
Old Puss to catch him briskly tried;
But when the knot-hole Puss had passed,
The rat wheeled round and entered fast,
With half a meal, while Puss was left,
A conquered brag of food bereft.

MORAL.

Make not your boast what you can do,
Till you have looked the matter through,
Lest, like the cat, your boasted wit
Should fail the destined mark to hit;
But let your actions speak alone,
Then all your greatness will be known.

ON A WHIRLWIND.

One autumn day, while neath a tree
I stretched myself at ease,
A whirlwind danced along the lea,
Like those one often sees.

It rushed along a stream near by,
  It whistled through the grass,
And rustling leaves were raised on high
  Where willows bade it pass.

A moment more and all was still,
  Though leaves were falling fast;
Still onward flowed the singing rill,
  As ever in the past.

Thus will it be a day from birth,
  As sorrows crowding come;
The whirlwind Death will sweep the earth,
  And bear its people home.

Then, like those leaves, our spirit forms,
  Will soar away on high,
Above this scene where raging storms
  Rush in their fury by.

But never like those leaves, again
  Shall we to earth return,
Nor hear the brooklet's plaintive strain,
  Nor thunder-storms discern.

But yet the light that beams beyond,
  Will cheer us in that hour,
And heavenly sunshine seal the bond,
  That frees from Satan's power.

THE LITTLE WANDERERS.

How oft we've passed your mansions bright,
  While wandering through the lonely street,
And seen the radiance of your light,
  Fall softly round our naked feet.
We then were hungry and ill-fed;
  The homes we had were not our own;
Our parents all were with the dead,
  And we were left to roam alone.

We hardly dared to ask for food,
  So oft our calls had been denied;
But when we met the kind and good,
  Our many wants were well supplied.
How strange it seemed that we were left,
  To test the charities of those
Who weep for children thus bereft,
  And give supplies of food and clothes.

'Twas while the nights were dark with rain,
  Or snow-clouds mantled earth in white,
While seeking every nook in vain
  To find a shelter for the night,
That chilling winds came all alone –
  Like watchful spirits borne along—
And caught the little wanderers' moan,
  To mingle in their plaintive song.

Ah! little thought the passers-by,
What struggles filled a troubled mind,
As oft arose the simple cry,
"A penny," sobbing almost blind.
It was not pleasure why so late
Thus on the corners long we stood,
But well we knew the wretched state,
Of homeless wanderers without food.

What sad complaints would often rise,
And how our hearts with anger burned,
When other children, scarce our size,
With jests and sneers upon us turned!
'Twas not because we had no souls,
Or that we shared in no distress;
But what, alas! stern fate controls—
A simple lack of pleasing dress.

O, labor for the homeless ones,
Though rough and careless they may seem;
And let your love, where'er it runs,
Be free as is the mountain stream!
A word of kindness oft may save
A soul to shine in heavenly bliss;
And acts may speak beyond the grave,
Though offered in a world like this.

O, pity the little wanderers,
As they beg a crumb at your door?
Their souls are cared for by that Master,
Who gives to you such bounteous store.

COUNTRY GOSSIP.

(From an unpublished Satire on Chesterfield.)

The meanest pest society contains,
Is one delighted with her rattling brains,
Whose wit is small, and dying when alone,
Who seeks for faults in others—not her own.
Such, like a tub when stationed in the rain,
With mouths agape, at every whisper strain;
And when sly words go dashing in the ear,
To-morrow sees the tattling troop appear—
Old maids and batches, for reporters say,
Next week—next month—comes Miss's wedding day!

Some heads there are so wondrous wise become—
So full of talk—they think their neighbors dumb;
And little else their tongues are wont to do,
Than run around and tell of something new:
What this or that one was believed to say,
Another said before she moved away.
Two knighted ladies of the ruffled cap,
Who know a Miss fell out through Love's mishap,
While knitting on the fast completing sock,
Are quite enough to start the common talk.
From house to house the vicious beldams fly,
With oft told stories, stale, insipid, dry,
Till every secret all the village knows,
From babies born to marriages and beaux.

The neatest of all common things of earth
For gossip, is a marriage or a birth;

How some young Miss receives a pretty beau,
Some dashing fop who makes a handsome show;
How they appeared at church the Sabbath past;
How many a glance across the church was cast.
Oh, what a squad, on Sabbath days we see,
Of story-seekers, to the churches flee!
Not as they went in good old days that bring
The names of those who loved to pray and sing;
But now they go to nod at fashion's sway,
Forget their prayers to whisper, laugh and play.

As owls and bats at night begin to swarm—
Sure harbingers of an approaching storm—
So when the evening services are o'er,
A crowd of boys collects about the door,
Of great and small, arranged in many a tier,
To catch, as passes out, his charming dear.
'Twould seem—to see the order of the thing—
They stood as guards to an Egyptian king,
In solid rank drawn up on either side,
For the advance of highest regal pride;
But low remarks and vulgar actions tell
The stuff composing each bombastic swell.

If men pretend they go to church for good,
But ne'er repent, though wishing much they could,
The strangeness seems that they should find employ,
Not in the church, but playing up the boy.
O watchful sages! deacons, elders, priests!
On Sundays grave, and through the week in feasts!
Why thus forget that acts should correspond,
And through the week present an equal bond?

O Sun!

Ye well must know a colt without a rein,
His wildness shows on either hill or plain;
And so the young, if left without restraint,
Meet sabbath duties only with complaint.
Just let them romp at will upon the street,
Both day and night, in every sin they meet,
How rapidly the foul disorders grow,
To kill the soul, and Christian thoughts o'erthrow!
No wonder, then, that even in the church,
While preachers preach, we need the sound of birch,
That backs may smart, as school-boys' have of yore,
To check this sin that lies at some one's door.

SONNET.

TO THE SUN.

O Sun! Thou only source of heat and light!
Thou King of all within the heavens we see!
Ruler of earth! Son of the Deity!
With an unerring hand to guide thy flight;
For human eyes to gaze upon, too bright;
With path laid out from all eternity
Through silent space, the one unmeasured sea;
Upon whose dwelling falls no shade of night:—
To thee my thought, if not my eye, can turn,
And wisdom gather for my guidance, while
Within this sphere of fickleness I dwell;
For in thy constant brightness may I learn
That thou, behind the clouds and storms, dost smile,
Thus teaching me no transient griefs to tell.

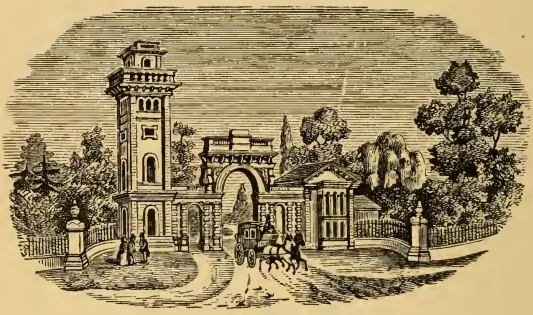
FATHER'S COMING HOME!

There'll be a happy time to night
In one dear spot I know,
When round the fire we all shall sit,
In an unbroken row.
One chair so long has called to mind,
How sometimes all may roam;
But now its tale is well nigh told,
For father's coming home.

O, when he comes won't he be glad,
And laugh when first he sees
Our darling pet—his cherub boy—
Come climbing up his knees?
There's Carlo watching at the gate—
He knows he soon will come,
And only waits to frisk and jump
Round father coming home.

How oft has mother longed to see
Her dear one home once more!
What tears of joy I know she'll shed
To meet him at the door!
Then will we all be full of glee,
And fill the starry dome,
With songs of welcome when we see
Our father coming home.

O, father's coming home to night—
How slowly drags the day!
His longing children watch the time,
And wish 'twould pass away.



Mount Vernon.

Soon shall we hear the carriage wheels,
As up the hill they come,
And then what shouts, as out we spring,
Will welcome father home!

Oh, father's coming home!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
There'll be a happy time to-night,
When all together come;
No more we'll miss the one away,
For father's coming home!

THE BLUE-BIRD AT MOUNT VERNON.

(Early in the morning of March 1st, 1876, sang a blue-bird on the highest point of the tower at the gate of Mt. Vernon Cemetery, Philadelphia. Pa.)

The blue-bird has come, and I hear it sing
The first glad note of the coming spring;
For a brilliant sun and a balmy air
Have called to our shore this warbler fair.

Though winter may lay its icy hand
On the fairest scenes of a summer land,
And o'er its fair face a pallor bring,
There is sure to come a return of spring.

O blue-bird, where art thou? I listen—I wait—
Mount Vernon I see with her dark iron gate;
But up to its summit my vision is led—
Thou guardest the way to the home of the dead!

How many have passed through that shadowy arch!
How many, unwilling, must join in the march,

And among the low mounds the grass has o'ergrown,
Choose each from the new ones the one for his own!

O blue-bird! sweet songstress! why singest thou yet?
The dead cannot hear, and the living forget;
Though roses may blossom—the grass come and go,
Still through that tall arch must the somber crowd flow.

I'm out on the highway; I'm traveling alone;
I see thee up yonder, and hear thy sweet tone;
But what thou art saying is darkness to me,
Yet this much I know, spring has beckoned for thee.

Thy song may be sweet, but old Time will not hear,
Though strong be his pulse and unstopped be his ear;
He cares not for summer, for winter or spring,
But drives his pale horse while Death bears the sting.

Sweet blue-bird, farewell! and though seasons may flow,
Come each in its turn and as orderly go,
Yet mem'ry will linger this one scene to turn on—
The blue-bird that sang on the gate at Mount Vernon!

THE BIBLE.

Oh! what a precious book for those
Who consolation need,
Has been prepared by Him who knows,
The wondrous power temptation throws
O'er all his chosen seed.

The Bible is that wondrous book,
With promises supplied
For all those weary ones who look
To Jesus, who, while friends forsook,
For man was crucified.

What valued truths that book contains,
To cheer a sinful race
Through life's array of woes and pains;
In sickness, prisons, wars and chains—
Imparting saving grace.

That book—a treasure to my heart—
I search with daily care,
Lest I forget my humble part,
When doubts and fears within me start—
A burden hard to bear.

How Christians love that holy page
Where Christ forever lives!
What lively hopes their thoughts engage,
When Satan fails, with all his rage,
To break the peace it gives!

Oh! 'tis a pillow soft and sweet,
Refreshing those distressed,
Who toil up hills where roughly beat
Fierce storms, and, to their weary feet,
Brings everlasting rest.

Its cheering words—how bright they shine,
Guiding the soul above!
Oh, in them let me now resign
This sickening, dying soul of mine,
And trust a Saviour's love.

THE HINDOO MOTHER.

The last dim spark of life has fled,
  Just as the sun sinks in the west,
And low a weeping mother's head,
  Is bowed upon her darling's breast.
Oh what caresses doth she lay
  Upon that marbled, changeless brow!
But no kind words her love repay,
  She cannot hear them now.

The moon is up, far up the sky;
  Bright stars adorn its glorious path;
Dull clouds on evening zephyrs fly,
  And sullen winds have spent their wrath.
Through those dim shadows see her go!
  Her pace is slow, her weeping wild!
Into the Ganges must she throw
  Her fallen hope—her darling child!

"Thou wert a lovely child, my dear!
  Once didst thou know a mother's voice;
But now her words thou canst not hear,
  Nor canst thou make her heart rejoice!
Now to this stream thine all I give;
  Go, feel its quick transforming power,
And evermore, oh mayst thou live,
  A lovely god, my faded flower!"

Thus saying, with a fearful shriek,
  She casts her offering to the wave!

The orbs above her kindly speak,
And ripples cross the silent grave.
But kneeling there her sad heart weeps:
"Great Stream, 'tis all that I can do!
Oh, kindly watch where now she sleeps,
And bear to her my last adieu!"

THE ANGELS' SONG.

Lift up the heart and voice in song,
And swell th' angelic lay;
Triumphantly the strains prolong,
"A Saviour's born to-day!"

Hosannas from on high proclaim
That Christ is King of kings,
And that salvation through his name
To all mankind he brings.

We celebrate the matchless love,
No other could express,
That brought him from his throne above,
His faithful ones to bless.

"Glory to God!" the angels sing;
Let heaven and earth give way;
What wondrous news to earth they bring—
"A Saviour's born to-day!"

THE CORAL GRAVE.

My father, where is he?
His face I see no more!
He sailed upon the wide blue sea
For India's distant shore!
A tempest dared his heart most true,
And broke the spell
We loved so well,
And o'er him rolls the ocean blue!

Somewhere down in the deep,
His lifeless body lies!
There by his side I fain would sleep;
There with him would I rise!
Oh, bear me o'er the bounding wave,
To shed a tear
In the waters clear,
Above my father's coral grave!

I can no longer smile,
Though with the gay I meet,
But in my sorrows sit the while,
And bid the moments fleet,
Till we shall wake from death's cold sleep,
To walk that land
Of golden sand
Where friends no more for lost ones weep!

The Rainbow.

THE RAINBOW.

How beautiful the golden light,
  Which after showers glows,
When from the sun a splendor bright
  The tiny raindrop throws.

Oh, how it cheers the saddened breast
  To view a scene so bright,
Ere sinks the sun to peaceful rest,
  Behind the western height.

It brings to mind the days of old,
  When floods were held in store;
But now the bow, by prophets told,
  Awaits the floods no more.

Majestic through the eastern sky,
  The colored arch is set,
When clouds in conflict meet on high,
  And gentle showers beget.

Its mingling colors brightly shine
  With beams of radiant love,
And near that arch another bow
  Oft dimly hangs above.

But though the bow so stately bends,
  How softly fades its gleam,
As down the west the sun descends,
  And leaves the world to dream.

"WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?"

While friends we meet and friends we make,
Of those who seem true-hearted men,
How oft these startling words awake,
"When shall we meet again?"

We part! How ominous the sound,
When, like some monster from his den,
O'er earth and sea these words go round,
"When shall we meet again?"

Time bears us onward! O, how fast
We're losing sight of earth's sweet glen!
We're meeting friends—but ask at last,
"When shall we meet again?"

I'm bearing now a sorrowing heart—
While urging on this faltering pen—
As comes the thought these words impart,
"When shall we meet again?"

There is a world where friends will meet,
Though far beyond our mortal ken,
Where friends will ne'er these words repeat,
"When shall we meet again?"

Yes, there, at length, we all may go!
What dear delights will cheer us then!
Though called to part while here below,
We there may meet again!

TO MY MOTHER.

Another link is broken! One more tie
Is severed! and that most mysterious chain
That binds the brotherhood of man, no more
Can be repaired. Yes, broken—lost from sight—
The link is gone! I know not how, or if
It still be near or far away. It had
A place where oft I saw it—often felt
Its binding presence in the walks of life.
In sorrow though I live; grieve for the loss;
Nor feel there's aught can e'er refill the void;
Search all a mortal can; expend all skill:—
That mystic chain must still that one link lack.

Thou art that missing link, my mother!
The chain did break and thou art nowhere found;
For home-ties, earth-ties, friendship-bonds—all fail
In foiling death when on his message sent,
E'en now as in the past, or time to come,
The same. Death came for thee. He touched
The chain and thou the missing link became.
I fain would call it all a dream; yet know
I well it's all too true, for thou art gone.
From infancy, when of a father's care
Bereft, through reckless youth to manhood's state,
Thy careful watch failed not; for yearned thy heart
With deep solicitude for my best good.
Alas! I scarce can realize that thou
Forever from my mortal sight hast passed.

Long years the golden chain its tension stood;
And thus accustomed, dangers seemed afar,
And frail security my heart controlled.
Ah! how deceitful human hopes! I saw
The seasons flow; flow in the order set
When first creation felt creative power; —
Begin at times appointed; end at times
They could not pass; and thus they came and went:
And like them man seemed never still; but as
He came, so quickly was he gone; not as
He came, fresh, blooming, full of active life,
But withered, faded, weak, in motion slow,
Bowed down, and silvered o'er with winter snows.
Now, strange it seems what narrow views I took
Of this progressive march of seasons, time
And man; that, when I saw around me fall
The forms of those well-known, I there should fail
To learn the part we in this play must act.
Alas! I this truth now have learned that thou
Hast passed behind that curtain dark, through which
I cannot pierce. Thou wert, indeed, one of
That changing crowd I long ago had seen,
But failed to recognize that thou or I
To it belonged. I now am undeceived.

A sadness o'er me comes as Mem'ry calls
The Past to spread its pages to my gaze.
Back from my childhood pleasant scenes return.
Then, buoyant hopes seem fixed in life's bright sky;
But at the thought that they are gone—yea, gone –
And only come in unsubstantial dreams,
I sigh. They should have been more highly prized,

More wisely treasured. Had I listened less
To self, or wisdom sought for counsel more,
Less might the shame of negligence be felt,
While thus these records I review. I now
Can see, as ne'er I saw before, the force
Of being led in youth by wiser age:—
How life's young blood and fervid passions need
Constraint and guidance! Had I deigned to mind
What then befell my lot, my sadness might
Be less, as oft these pages now I read.

Thy teachings lay not all in words. A life
Of Christian meekness, void of worthless show;
Submissive to the Will that rules; inlaid
With charity, and resting on that arm
Of an almighty power, could be no less
Than a most wise instructor. Oh! my heart
Still feels that chain, with an unyielding hold,
Surround it still! That ceaseless care to keep
My youthful feet from paths of vice, is now
As mighty to restrain; nor can it lose
Its early grasp; nor would I shake it off.
With counsels wise, here lies the strongest hold
On man's affections, lasting through all time.

Ah! mother! can it be that thou hast gone,
As all earth's dwellers of the past have gone?
As far as my poor mem'ry o'er the past
Can reach, a throng of mortals still I see,
Of forms well-known, or strangers, full of life
As I, and pressing on with prospects bright;
But now they are not here, nor thou, although

The crowd, perhaps, is greater now than then.
The ranks are full. Where those I once knew fell,
New forms appear; and where they by the way
Fell out, I see but long and narrow mounds,
As if, beneath, just room for them to lie
They might have found. I saw the sorrowing tear
Oft coursing down thy cheeks, as 'mong those mounds
Thy weary feet oft lingered. But the thought
That I should shed the tear above thine own,
Or plant the fragile flower, seemed not to chill
My buoyant heart. Alas! the sad hour came!
Thou, too, didst join that greater throng, which day
By day still greater grows, and thou art gone!

Ah! may it be that I some feeble part
Of my great debt of gratitude performed,
With my small cup of cooling water, when
I saw that by the wayside thou must fall.
It was a task most sad—and yet a joy
To try to feed thy dying wick—to see
Thy light so surely going out. Thy face
I see no more! Thy voice no longer calls!
But oh! thy patience, and thy will at one
With Him who doeth all things well, still live,
And must with me forever live. I pray—
And if a prayer e'er passed my trembling lips,
Thus let me pray—that, when my time shall come
Thus from these ranks to step aside, my last,
My closing hours may be as peaceful as
Thine own; and, too, that I, as reconciled
To the decrees unchangeable, may be;
And as the crowd moves on, and my eyes close

To scenes of earth, then may my transport hence
As quiet be as thine—a safety launch
Upon a waveless and unmeasured sea!
(1885.)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Indulgent Father! low and sad,
Around Thy throne of grace we bow,
A weeping nation, darkly clad,
To mourn the judgment on us now.

A nation's loss we mourn to-day!
Ah, yes! a nation sadly weeps
A noble Ruler passed away,
Where mouldering dust so sweetly sleeps.

Ah! well we know our sins are great,
And great the sacrifice must be,
As Justice stands at Mercy's gate,
And sternly asks her rights of Thee.

O, may the hand of war be stayed,
And streams of blood no longer flow!
No vengeance guide th' assassin's blade,
Or brother fear a mortal foe!

Yes, Heavenly Father, low and sad,
Thy people round Thine altars bow!
Oh, weeping nation, darkly clad,
In heaven thy loved one's resting now!

SORROW.

Say, mourner, bending o'er that form,
Why flow those tears, why heave those sighs?
Hath in thy heart the gathering storm
Of sorrow had an early rise?
Thou canst not speak! and oh, thy throbbing breast
Too plainly shows that sorrow gives no rest!

And thou, who long has borne disease
In all its keenest, sharpest pangs,
Hast thou ne'er found a moment's ease
From sorrow's strong, unyielding fangs?
Thy slender form appears like one from death,
And, weeping, says "there's none," at every breath.

Speak, wanderer, from thine unknown heart,
Who hast no home save the wide earth;
No friend to bear with thee a part,
To share thy pains—thy little worth;—
Dost thou ne'er feel a burden hard to bear?
I hear the say, "I know what sorrows are."

Thou aged man with wrinkled brow,
With snow-white locks spread o'er thy head,
With scarce a friend to help the now—
Forsaken, and thy fortune fled,
Has life been fair—bright as a summer day?
A voice replies, "I've walked in sorrow's way."

And thou, more honored man, well-born
In mansion large where riches dwell,

Who turnest back the blast of scorn
On weaker those who act as well,
Does not a pang e'er pierce thy throbbing heart?
Say, do not sorrows round thy pathway start?

Tell me thou low, degraded wife,
Has thy companion brought thee low?
Does anguish taunt thee all thy life,
And from a brutish drunkard flow?
That noisome vapor from his venomed breath,
Cries out in vengeance, "Sorrow bringeth death."

Speak now the truth, thou man of sin,
How does this life to thee appear?
Thou hast a conscience deep within—
Does it not speak in tones of fear?
The mid-night thought "I may not see to-morrow,"
Alarms thy mind with all the pangs of sorrow.

I ask the miser, brooding o'er his gold,
Why he has passed so many a sleepless night?
If sorrow's shock hath made him old,
And spread o'er him its deadening blight?
He weeps aloud, but finding no relief,
His tears reply, "My care has brought this grief."

Vain is this life! No part is free
From sorrow's dread, contagious blast!
Guide me, ye Powers, that I may be
Where peace and joy forever last!
I look! In yonder world are seas of rest,
Where sorrow's tempest ne'er disturbs the blest!

MORNING.

How sweet the hour of rising day,
When bright the sun is breaking,
To hear the Christian humbly pray,
"Lord, thou hast caused my waking!"
'Tis then such hallowed tones are sweet,
Expressing heart-felt pleasure,
When low before the Saviour's feet,
Contrition's prayer and mercy meet,
To take the proffered treasure.

Not man alone is called to prayer,
At this bright hour of morning.
For thousands more are bending there,
'Neath heaven's etherial awning:—
But careless man, his prayer forgot,
Relieves himself in slumber,
While other creatures tread the spot
That seems to him so hard a lot,
A never broken number.

O, when will man the lesson learn,
Taught by the brute creation?
Must life's dim spark first cease to burn,
And he forsake his station?
Attentive list, O, careless man!
Those voices still are praying!
Go, learn of them wise Nature's plan,
Proclaimed in heaven's exalted span,
Nor be forever straying!

MEMORY.

When riper years round Memory's hall,
Like evening's veil, begin to fall,
And present moments come and go,
Unnoticed as the winds that blow,
How oft remembrance lifts that veil
From the retreat of visions pale,
And brings once more in pleasing lays,
The happy scenes of childhood days.

O, then what sweet, what pleasing dreams,
Like groups of stars with silver beams,
Throughout that hall, in clusters thick,
Light up again life's dying wick,
As through the light of the fading past,
The scenes of youth their shadows cast
Before the bright, reviving rays,
Of the golden sun of childhood days.

The present lies an unknown spot
Amid the group of scenes forgot;
Perplexing cares and weary age,
No more in deep afflictions rage;
No aching limbs; no weary feet;
No sluggish throb in the pulse's beat;
For now the soul, with new-born praise,
Recalls the scenes of childhood days.

But soon again the curtain falls!
Returning pains resume their calls!

The pleasing scenes of one short hour
To lingering days give up their power.
But oh! when sweet reflections fly,
What charming memories they supply
To those who climb life's rugged ways,
In pleasant dreams of childhood days.

INTEMPERANCE

Come, let us all uniting, resist the monster sin
That marks for sure destruction the homes we're dwelling in!
Oh! listen to the wailings of thousands in distress,
Whose all has long been wasted in drink and wickedness!

These fallen ones are brothers, and feel their share of pain;
Then press them not with dangers, but lift them up again!
A word, a friendly message, may fill their hearts with cheer;
Then speak—it costs but little to meet them freely here.

O, why should wives and children, so broken down with grief,
Scarce hear of that compassion that seeks to give relief?
The drunkard's curse may bear them its crushing weight of shame,
But are they still less mortal than those of brighter name?

Were half the tales unfolded, of wretchedness and woe,
These outcasts often suffer, from heat and rain and snow,

Oh how mankind would tremble and weep with those
who weep!
No heart could rest inactive, no voice its silence keep!

Then rally in the Temperance cause, and work with all
your might
To spread abroad its sacred laws, for God will bless
the right.

TO MR. C. C. PARKER.

(Written on receiving a Cross surmounted with a Crown, on a New Year's Day.)

The New Year came! but now it's gone,
Though strange the thought may seem;
It came in stealth and hurried on
Like midnight's harmless dream.

But 'tis no dream! A dream? Ah, no!
If so, when shall we wake?
When will our slumbers cease to grow,
And morn with splendor break?

Year after year hath Time withdrawn,
Though not at man's request,
And on they'll go when we are gone
Where living spirits rest.

O, what amazing wonders crowd
In visions on my brain,
To see the wicked, gay and proud,
At flying time complain.

No murmurs gain its listless ear,
Nor songs of joyous mirth;
No wealth nor fashion lures it here—
It has no stay on earth.

Those dying years with lingering mark
Have stamped my youthful brow,
And pressing cares are gathering dark
Around me even now.

But O, my friend, not I alone
Must pass this fearful strife;
You have a portion—'tis your own—
A sad or happy life.

I see the Cross we both must bear
Through this dark world of ours;
I see the Crown we both may wear,
O'erhung with fadeless flowers.

Shall e're that Cross a burden prove,
Which lifts the soul to heaven?
That Crown of glory bear no love
To Him who it hath given?

Though earthly cares oppressive weigh,
In groans and falling tears,
Still let us live from day to day,
Prepared for Heaven's New Years.

NELLIE LEE'S PRAYER.

The sun is setting in the west,
  Where fades the light of day;
It tells me I must go to rest—
  But mother hear me pray!
I'll put my arms upon your knees,
  I'll bow me at your feet,
My hands and eyes to heaven raise,
  And then my prayer repeat.

"Oh, Heavenly Father! hear the prayer
  Of little Nellie Lee!
I thank Thee for the gentle care
  Vouchsafed each day to me:
And though I come a wicked child,
  I pray Thee make me free!
Yes, cleans this heart with sin defiled,
  I bring it, Lord, to Thee!

"Whene'er I think a wicked thought,
  Or do an action wrong;
When in an angry passion caught,
  With resolution strong,
Oh, let Thy gentle spirit come,
  In streams of heavenly love,
And tell how peaceful is that home
  Of little saints above!

"Oh, Jesus! There I want to go
  When washed from all my sins;
When in Thy crown my name I know,
  A fair position wins!

But oh! I'm weak! I often fall
Mid thoughts so strange and wild,
That though I come and give Thee all,
I'm but a sinful child.

"Oh, Lord, for raiment, food, and health,
For friends and parents dear,
For all the joys of home and wealth,
My solemn praises hear;
And through the night in quiet sleep,
Oh, let me heavenward soar,
While free from sin bright angels keep
My soul forever more!"

She rose. Around her mother's neck,
Her white arms fondly twine;—
And never could an angel check
Affection so divine!
The parting kiss, the glad good-night,
As shut the chamber door,
Foretold how fair will be her flight
When time shall be no more!

OH, I AM YOUNG!

Oh, I am young! How doth my heart
Receive the joy these words impart!
They make my blood pursue its course
Through every vein with quickened force,
And calling forth my active powers,
Bid gather now life's blooming flowers.

Oh, I am young! Indeed I feel
These words contain more power than steel!
They strike my heart, and yet no blood
Flows from the wound a crimson flood;
Yet doth there flow, in gentle streams,
Love, friendship, joy, and youthful dreams
Of all that's bright and gay and fair,
Unharmed by time—unsoiled by care.

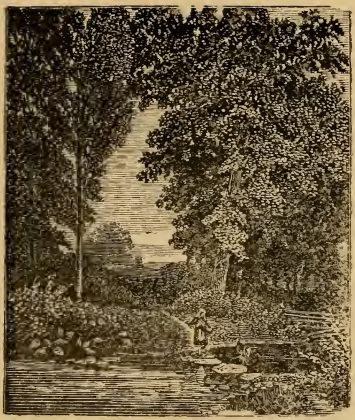
'Tis joy to see the youthful throng
Their banners raise and march along,
Who, like the lambs among the hills,
Sip cooling drops from Pleasure's rills.
Oh, I am young! and with them too,
My humble voice I'll raise anew!
My head I'll deck with garlands fair,
And victor laurels strive to wear,
Since round my path the teeming earth
To countless gems hath given birth,
Which Fancy's hand hath sweetly strung
In pendent wreaths for all the young.

Oh, I am young! Indeed, how dear
Does costly dress to me appear!
Those flowing robes of gorgeous hue;
Those glittering toys and gems I view;
And as they glint with many a charm,
They soothe my heart like sovereign balm,
Nor can dull care e'er reach my soul,
While such dear toys my sight control.
If I am young—life just begun—
All solemn thoughts should I not shun?

Should I not go among that crowd
Before the goddess Fashion bowed?
Oh, yes, my youthful heart must feel
Earth's soothing passions o'er it steal,
And in the halls of life and mirth,
My soul must find the sweets of earth.
Yes, in the light and merry dance,
My life through time must still advance,
Till all the innocence of play,
Has cheered my soul and passed away.

Yet I am young. Entranced, I look
Upon the silver, purling brook:—
And like it, too, I'll hurry on
Where joys arise for others gone;
For each small tribute here and there,
Seems but an answer to my prayer.

But ah! the charm I send around,
Brings back a dismal, hollow sound!
And, too, I feel myself alone:—
My voice is but a dying groan!
The young and gay—they heed me not;
I sit all day like one forgot;
And thus alone reflections say,
"See how your life has passed away!"
Oh, I am young! once made me bold,
But now I sing, *Oh, I am old!*



Yet I am young. Entranced, I look
Upon the silver, purling brook:—PAGE 180.

SONNET.

TO THE MOON.

With mellow ray, thou blushing queen of night,
As if in air, and yet on nothing hung
Where hands divine thee in thine orbit flung,
Impelled, sustained, enlivened by the might
Of that one voice which erst commanded light
From darkness forth to spring, and in thy young
Complaisant face to shine as when was sung
Creation's song when Chaos took its flight,
Dost welcome come; and well does thy mild face
The pensive spirit soothe with gentle beam,
When Sol has left his flaming mid-day throne;
And wearied man, still pressing in life's race
For riches, fame and pow'r, and what may seem
His earthly all, must thy soft influence own.

THE NEW YEAR.

Hail, the new-born year!
See its dawn appear
Bright o'er the crystal hills now gleaming!
Its cheerful rays, through tree-tops streaming,
Low down the vales are creeping,
Where brooks, in ice-chains sleeping,
'Neath Winter's snow-white robes are dreaming—
Hail, the new-born year!

Hail, the new-born year!
Raise the welcome clear,
For Jesus is th' Almighty Giver;
His hand hath shut the frost-bound river.
We heard his cold winds calling,
While Autumn leaves were falling;
And though his breath may make us shiver—
Hail, the new-born year!

Hail, the new-born year!
See an emblem here
Of an immortal being's striving,
When through his heart death-chills are driving!
His spirit heavenward flying,
Forsakes the body dying,
And shouts with joy when there arriving,
"Hail, the new-born year!"

LOOK UP!

As through the storms of life we ride,
And guide our mortal barks with care,
Our fainting hearts with humble pride
Look up, for God is there!

Though on the ocean wildly borne,
Mid tossing waves and misty air;
Though from our hearts all hope seems torn,
Look up, for God is there!

Look Up!

His sovereign hand controls the deep;
The billows all his glory wear;
And when upon their heights we leap,
Look up, for God is there!

Around us, see! see what a throng,
At every breath, is crying "spare!"
On every gale awake the song,
"Look up, for God is there!"

When this rough sea we shall have passed—
When rest our barks in heaven fair,
No more our cry will fill the blast,
"Look up," for God *is* there!

TO MISS H. J. A.

(Written after reading some verses composed by her when but nine years old, on the deaths of her mother and sister.)

Can one of nine, in life's fair bloom,
Awake such noble strains,
While weeping o'er a mother's tomb,
Where death in silence reigns?
Or, while so young, in humble verse,
Thus crown a sister's head,
And to a heedless world rehearse,
The glories of the dead?

I hear the song enrapturing swell,
As if from Hermon's grove,
Where singing angels love to dwell,
And fairy spirits rove;

But from a garden still more fair,
I know those songs take rise,
And holier spirits worship there—
Beyond the starry skies.

Then, sing away, sweet songstress, sing!
Light up the lonely grave,
And round its borders strike the string
The Great Eternal gave!
Though sad the song, remember how
These scenes are only given,
That those who sing in sadness now,
May sing with joy in heaven!

PASSING AWAY.

Yes, the departed one's at rest!
Then let us weep on more
For flowing tears from weeping eyes
Can never wash that shore,
Where happy spirits, freed from sin,
No wearying burdens bear,
But in their Father's presence bowed,
Their crowns immortal wear.
O, then sing praises here below
Till this frail life is o'er,
And Jesus calls his people home,
Where sorrows are no more.

A voice is whispering in our ears,
The time will come to die,
And we be called from earth away
To meet our God on high,
Where the redeemed, before us gone,
Will meet in that great day,
The happy throng still pressing on,
No more to pass away.
O, then sing praises here below,
Till this frail life is o'er,
And Jesus calls his people home,
Where sorrows are no more.

Death has no fearful sting—no dread,
To those prepared for heaven,
Though anguish, cares and pains and woes,
In keenest pangs are given;
Yet, when it bids, so silently,
Some trembling spirit come,
We only wait its quick return
To bear us also home.
O, then sing praises here below,
Till this frail life is o'er,
And Jesus calls his people home,
Where sorrows are no more.

TO A WORLDLING.

Is thy heart now beating lightly?
Is its motion bold and free?
Is thy step now quick and sprightly,
Hastening to eternity?

Is life's stream still smoothly flowing
Through a valley bright and fair?
Is its rose-bud sweetly glowing
In a fresh and balmy air?

Is thy path a way of beauty,
Fit to cheer a drooping heart?
Is thy care a pleasing duty?
Wishest thou no better part?
Is thy heart at all contented,
With no promised rest in view?
Are thy thoughts to life cemented?
Hast thou proved its friendship true?

Oh to life how near united,
All thy pleasures seem to be!
When these prospects all are blighted,
Whither, whither wilt thou flee?
Life is but a rapid river;
Now thy bark floats on its breast;
But when death shall make thee shiver,
Where, O where will be thy rest?

MY COTTAGE IN THE VALE.

Oh do you see that cottage yonder,
So beautiful and white?
Down in that verdant valley smiling,
Where shines the sun so bright?
The trees are hanging full of blossoms,
Brooks wander through the dale,
The flowering fields fill with their fragrance
That cottage in the vale.

But do you know the one who owns it?
How happy he would be,
If only in it he were dwelling,
The Mr.——who is he?
Ah! I can tell you who's the owner—
But shall I tell the tale?
Oh, yes, I'll sing you all about it—
My cottage in the vale!

Indeed, it makes me feel so happy,
I'm singing all the time;
But ah! there's one more little secret
That helps along the chime:
And were it not for something like it,
My cheerful song would fail,
My pretty cottage be forgotten,
My cottage in the vale.

Oh do you know the parson's daughter,
With eyes of heavenly blue,
Whose form exceeds the brightest fairy's,
And how she loves me, too?
But lo! a happy day is coming,
Its dawn my heart will hail,
When I can take the parson's daughter,
To my cottage in the vale!

COME ALL YE NATIONS.

Come all ye nations, let us sing,
The honors of our heavenly King,

Before whose throne archangels bow,
In adoration, even now;
Come sound his name on every hand,
Whose blessings flow through every land.

Consider all his mercies past!
His goodness to us still how vast!
Life, health and comfort—all he gives,
Without his aid no creature lives,
No days return, no nights appear,
No changing seasons crown the year.

Should earth be mute while he prepares
This ever verdant robe she wears?
While stars in one united band,
With sun and moon in splendor stand,
Adoring great Jehovah's name,
The Ruler of this wondrous frame?

Let all arise with one accord,
And worthy tribute bring the Lord,
Whose goodness is forever sure,
To high and low, to rich and poor!
Yes, all ye nations raise the cry,
"Oh praise the Lord who rules on high!"

MEETING IN HEAVEN.

What sweet consolation to know we shall meet
In a world where the words of true friendship are spoken;
To worship our God and to lie at his feet,
When the wearisome spell of our labor is broken.

The thought is now filling my soul with delight,
That I shall escape from this prison of sorrow,
And upward depart like an eagle in flight,
To meet the redeemed ere the dawn of to-morrow!

Sweet peace to the christian! The thought is so fair,
His soul only needs to receive the right motion,
When rising and rising amid the light air,
It flies to the shore of eternity's ocean.
The banner of triumph then waving on high,
Will tell of the glory in waking his slumber,
To choose for his portion a home in the sky,
Where angels await him as one of their number.

I gaze on the scene with my dim-seeing eye,
Away from the noise of this earthly commotion,
Uplifting my thoughts to that home in the sky,
Where song is the soul's only form of devotion.
My spirit will shine like a star in the dark,
When ends the last struggle with life's stormy billow;
And soaring on high like a glimmering spark,
Alight on the bosom of Jesus—its pillow!

TO MISS M. H.

(Written in an Album.)

While with a trembling hand I trace
My name upon this page,
I think how soon this chosen place
May call to mind the youthful face
Of one bowed down with age.

Yes, though I'm laid within the tomb,
Your book my name will bear!
And well we know for us there's room
In yon bright world where friendship's bloom
Than here will be more fair.

And yet, what power earth's friendships wield
O'er every tender heart!
Though tolling bells a sadness yield,
They only speak of that bright field
Where friends will never part.

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

Oh shall it be some early day
When I am called to die,
My sluggish soul will pass away,
Though unprepared to fly?
What tremblings then my breast will seize,
To hear the firm decree,
"As ye have done it not to these,
Ye've done it not to me!"

Some little sin hath passed unseen—
Some wrongful act been done—
Some enmity been thrown between
The hearts that should be one;
The suffering, then, upon their knees,
Tell what in Christ they see:—
"As ye have done it not to these,
Ye've done it not to me!"

Then, it is not our greatest sins—
As seen by mortal eye—
That always mark where wrath begins
To fill the sinner's cry;
But for neglects and and worldly care,
These words of Christ must be:
"As ye have done it not to these,
Ye've done it not to me!"

COME UNTO ME.

(Matthew, 11: 28—30.)

Come unto me, ye laden come!
Come with your heavy load!
Come, share with me a Father's home,
Come, rest in his abode.

Long have ye roamed this changing earth
In search of peace and rest,
But it contains no gift of worth,
No joy to fill your breast.

Learn ye of me; for I am meek
And of a lowly heart,
A present strength to all the weak,
Who seek the better part.

Long have ye bowed to Satan's sway,
A sorrowing slave to sin;
O ye distressed! turn in this way,
And rest eternal win.

Bear ye my yoke—'twill ease your pain;
'Tis easy to be borne;
No longer think my promise vain,
Nor heavy burdens mourn.

Nor longer now your tributes pay
To Satan as your king;
Obey my voice without delay,
And rest to you I'll bring.

THE TIME WILL COME TO DIE.

The greenest tree must lose its leaves,
The flowers forsake the field,
The wavy grass lie dead and sere,
The rose no fragrance yield.
The rippling brooks on summer air,
In vapors heavenward fly;
So to the trembling form of man,
The time will come to die.

Though life may pass like pleasant dreams,
So full of visions fair -
Of changing scenes and charming sounds,
To melt away in air;
Though friends may cheer us day by day—
Be firm when foes are nigh,
Yet we must ne'er the truth forget,
The time will come to die.

But late we heard the voice of friends
Around us full of glee;

Now they are not! Where are they gone?
Alas, they've ceased to be!
Then while in memory rest the dead,
For heaven, O let us try,
And be assured, prepared or not,
The time will come to die.

CONFIDING LOVE.

Oh! I will sing the love
Of Jesus, my dear friend,
Who from his throne in heaven above,
Doth every blessing send,
And when temptations thickly fall,
Doth give me strength to shun them all.

From day to day he gives
Sweet hopes of joys to come,
And thus I know he ever lives,
To lead my spirit home;
For all my wants are well supplied,
While in his mercy I confide.

He makes the sun to glow;
The summer breeze to sigh;
The mountain brooks with music flow;
The stars to gem the sky;
Nor will he e'er reject the prayer
Of one who seeks his daily care.

Confined my soul may be,
Shut in this house of clay;

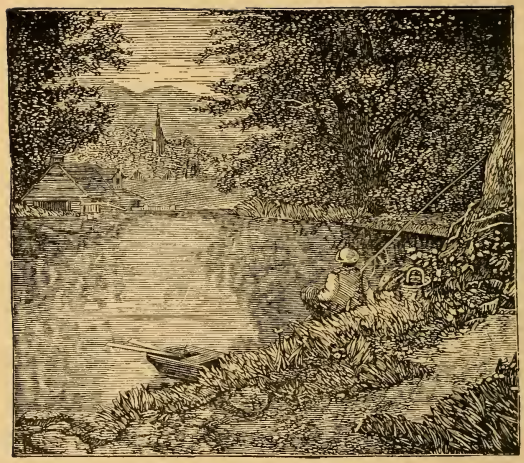
But in my hand he drops the key
That bars all sin away;
And hence my soul with praise o'erflows
To him whose love heals all my woes.

Then while I live I'll sing
His dying love so great;
I'll praise him, my Redeemer, King.
And in his courts await,
Till from these bonds he bids me rise,
To glorious freedom in the skies.

MY COUNTRY.

I love my native country,
That land most dear to me,
Where long has been my dwelling
Among her mountains free.
Her forest shades, her pleasant glades,
Still bloom so fair and bright,
That rocks and rills and sunny hills
Forever haunt my sight.

I love New England's valleys,
The fairest of the fair,
With crowns of lofty mountains,
Without a peak to spare.
No other land is half as grand,
Or pleasant as her own;
Should India try her scenes to buy
I'd alter not my tone.



Oh how I love her river
That flowed so near my door,—PAGE 195.

Those valleys—all so verdant—
Their rich productions yield,
To swell her mighty commerce
In every foreign field.
The ocean's length displays her strength,
And nations round her bow;
Her fame is known to every zone
Where ships the ocean plow.

Oh how I love her river
That flowed so near my door,
Where often in the summer
I played upon its shore!
It still is dear—still bright and clear—
No money could it buy;
No golden mines, no silver shrines
Though piled her mountains high.

Her rocks of precious granite
Are objects of my pride,
Extending from her valleys
To build her mountain's side.
Where else is found such valued ground,
With treasures equal rare?
From Egypt's Nile to ocean isle—
We find none like them there.

I love her breezy forests
Where once the redman strayed,
Though now his heart forever
Within the grave is laid;
Yet still I hear the wild-bird's cheer
As sweetly as of yore,

And in my heart doth pleasure start
To hear it o'er and o'er.

Oh how I love my country!
Her pleasant hills and dales!
No other land could tempt me
To leave such charming vales!
From Europe's strand to Afric's sand,
No scenes like these I find;
While here at home, where'ere I roam,
The richest are combined.

Oh how I love my country,
That land most dear to me,
And long may be my dwelling
Among her mountains free!

REMEMBER ME.

Remember me, when far away
Upon life's billows borne,
Though life at best is but a day,
Ere we from earth are torn.

But words of friendship, truly spoken,
By friends about to sever,
Oft heal the heart, though sadly broken,
To keep its love forever.

Receive, dear friend, this feeble line—
The best my heart can give—
And ne'er forget this friend of thine
The longest day you live.

SONNET.

TO THE STARS.

O wondrous lights! Work of a mighty hand;
Dwellers in space unmeasured by the eye
Of mortal man; beyond where thought can fly;
More countless than the grains of ocean sand;
Unknown to us if made of sea or land;
Of age unknown; or if erelong to die
As we of earth must die; a wonder why
Thy constant light—if ours alone ye stand,
Or if some worthier eyes, beyond our ken,
Out in the farther space, neighbors may be,
And ye on them in brighter glory shine!
Ye starry gems of night! we wonder when,
For whom, and why, were formed those rays we see,
Or those unseen—grand work of hands divine!

MY HOPE.

Oh! what a peaceful, heavenly bliss
Awaits me where my Saviour dwells!
And when I think for whom it is,
How high my heart's devotion swells.

Rejoice! rejoice! my panting soul,
In view of such unbounded grace,
And cheerfully await the call
That bids thee to that blissful place!

MY LITTLE DOG SKIP.

You've seen my little dog, I reckon,
Yet scarce two feet from tip to tip;
But if, perchance, you have not seen him,
Remember, please, his name is Skip.

Oh, yes, my Skip's a funny dog,
Though neither brown, nor black, nor yellow;
He jumps and frisks and wags his tail—
Oh! isn't he a funny fellow?

But what a foolish little puppy!
Well might he know his work would fail,
Though round and round he keeps a whirling,
A trying hard to catch his tail.

And then, how funny 'tis to see him,
As sprawling in the sun he lies,
With one eye shut, the other open,
So briskly snapping at the flies.

There! hear him now, down in the alley,
Where silently the moonbeams fall!
Most furiously he keeps a barking
To scare his shadow from the wall.

But now, my friends, since you have reason,
And swiftly by the moments slip,
Don't spend your time in moonshine barking—
Don't imitate my foolish Skip.

Through verdant vales are creeping
The silver brooks and vernal showers—PAGE 199.

WELCOME MAY!

Welcome, welcome May!
Brightly dawns the day
On fragrant buds and blooming flowers,
On dewy vales and sylvan bowers!
Down mountain sides are leaping,
Through verdant vales are creeping,
The silver brooks and vernal showers—
Hail the welcome May!

Welcome, welcome May!
Fields are looking gay,
Where bright the golden sunbeams, gleaming,
O'er forests, hills and meadows streaming,
Awake the tender grasses,
Ere smiling summer passes,
And faithful Earth, with verdure teeming,
Hails the welcome May!

Welcome, welcome May!
Flocks on hillsides play;
Herds o'er the springing meads are bounding;
Loud is the plowman's song resounding;
Green leaves on trees are springing,
Where merry birds are singing,
And Nature smiles, while fields surrounding
Hail the welcome May!

"O'ER MOUNTAIN TOPS WE ROAM."

O'er mountain tops we roam—Beside the shady rill,
And leave below our home, The farm-house and the mill.
Far up the Alpine heights, My boys we must away,
The sun is shining bright, Come on, we must not stay.

The hunter's horn I hear, And barking dogs reply;
They track the fainting deer—I know it by the cry.
Returning gales foretell How fast they near their prey,
As thro' the winding dell The hunter bends his way.

Our daring feet advance Far up the craggy height,
Where dancing sunbeams glance Among the glaciers bright.
Oh how our voices ring From hill and dale and grove,
While echoes answers bring From fanes where spirits rove!

But when we join the chase, Our hearts are light and free;
We care not for the place, How dangerous it may be;
The prize is out before, So let the mountains frown,
Till at our vine-clad door We lay our trophy down.

LET IT ALONE.

Beware of the cup, for if caught in its sin,
No penitence for it can fully atone;
There's death in the poison if once you begin,
But it never can harm you if you let it alone!

'Twill lay you in gutters, in mud and in rain,
And freeze you in snow-banks as senseless as stone;
Disturb you in business and fill you with pain,
But it never can harm you if you let it alone.

'Twill stir up your passions and frenzy your brain,
And rouse up a monster a brute would disown:
'Twill send you to prison—your manhood enchain,
But it never can harm you if you let it alone.

'Twill leave you no home, and but rags for your clothes—
If any you have you can claim as your own—
'Twill keep you in fights, with a flaming red nose,
But it never can harm you if you let it alone.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Why are the children up so soon,
When the day is scarcely dawning,
And the house is all so still and dark,
And so cold the air of morning?
They're busy as bees, and they cannot freeze,
Though cold the morning and clear;
They heed not the breeze from the snow-mantl'd trees,
But wait for the "Happy New Year!"

Hark! through the silent, dusky house,
How the busy feet are patting,
As the sun sends in his golden light
Where the little folks are chatting.

They're knocking away at the doors in play,
That all the people may hear;—
That each one may say while thus knocking away,
"Awake! 'tis a 'Happy New Year!'"

Swiftly the year has passed away
As a faithful and a true one;
But though buried in the silent past,
There will always be a new one.
Then let us be gay as we hail the day
That brings the children such cheer;
We'll sing and we'll play, while so cheerful and gay,
And wish all a "Happy New Year!"

LIFE A DREAM.

This life is like a dream!
'Tis but a single day,
And nights that long and dreary seem,
In stillness fly away.

But moments as they fly,
Bring newer scenes I find;
Our fellow mortals sicken—die,
And leave the earth behind.

This dream will soon be done!
How fast the end draws near!
Alas! our work is scarce begun,
Ere all must disappear.

SACRED SONGS AND HYMNS.

EVENING PRAYER.

When evening appears and o'er the fair sky,
She spreads her dark robe with many a sigh,
Freeing the soul from toil and care,
How fitting the moment for evening prayer!

When the breeze through the lilacs fragrantly steals,
And breathes where the christian humbly kneels,
Filling his heart with heavenly love,
How bright are his visions of rest above!

When the father hath met his dearly loved band
Of children, who round him meekly stand,
Reading the Word that guides on high,
Oh what a fair picture of home in the sky!

Oh, pleasant evening hour! what charm doth it bear,
For Jesus, dear Jesus, answers sweet evening prayer!

PENITENCE.

Dear Saviour thou wilt hear me pray,
A sinner bowed in tears,
And never turn my soul away.
While penitence appears.

A burdened soul thou canst relieve,
Of sin's distressing load;
And, oh! what peace thy Word can give,
To cheer its dark abode!

The world has been my all too long—
In slavery kept me bound;
Ne'er did I think a foe so strong
Could in this heart be found.

But trembling, timid, faint and weak,
For strength I turn to thee;
What cheering words I hear thee speak—
"Ye weary, come to me!"

I come, O Lord! Receive me now,
A most unworthy guest,
And while around thy throne I bow,
Bestow the promised rest.

ANGELS IN HEAVEN.

I know there are angels in heaven,
Where the righteous shall one day go;
How many there are is not given,
And their glory no mortal can know.

They're dwelling just over the river—
Death's cold river we all must dare;—
But oh! they are happy forever,
And what crowds of bright angels are there!

That bright heavenly land we are nearing,
Where the Saviour forever reigns,
Just through the dark valley appearing,
Whence are coming those soul-cheering strains.

Though here I may labor in sorrow,
And the world only frowning I see—
Perhaps death may come ere to-morrow,
And my soul with those bright angels be.

MY TRUST.

Though storms assail my frame,
And floods resistless come,
My soul shall praise its Maker's name,
And call bright heaven its home.

Firm may I ever stand,
Though on I move alone
To meet my Saviour in that land
Where sainted ones are gone.

Temptations thick may rise,
Like phantoms in the night,
But none can fright me from my prize,
As hence I take my flight.

Then will the vale of death
Seem not so dark a place,
But an exchange of dying breath,
For life through saving grace.

TRUST IN GOD.

Oh Thou in whom my soul should trust,
In life, in death, through care and strife,
How long ere this poor mortal dust
Must yield to Thee its waning life?

The marks of time are flying by;
Through changing scenes I daily pass;
Strange faces greet my fading eye,
And lo! all flesh is but as grass!

I'm standing on a fearful brink!
How fast my foot-holds break away!
Soon in the grave my form must sink,
How much so e'er I dread the day.

But, O my God, why dread the change,
That brings my waiting soul to Thee,
Where on a field of broader range
I gaze, through all eternity?

Oh for a humble mind to give
That peace a christian covets here,
To teach me every day to live
A life of trust—of godly fear.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Gentle Shepherd! here I lie,
Feed me with Thy watchful care;
From my sins to Thee I fly,
Up where worlds of pleasures are.

The Good Shepherd.

Lead me in the pastures green;
Yea, beside the waters still;
Make my spirit white and clean,
Such, dear Saviour, is thy will.

Take a wandering pilgrim in,
With Thine own rejoicing flock;
Help his soul to build begin,
On the sure, unyielding Rock.

Open stands the holy gate,
Leading to Thy gracious throne;
Souls have entered—others wait—
Thou dost call them all Thine own.

Well Thou watchest where they sleep,
And they recognize Thy voice;
Near their Shepherd do they keep—
Saviour, how Thy sheep rejoice!

Strangers cannot draw away
Those who rest within that fold;
Quick they flee and ne'er obey
Thieves and robbers seeking gold.

Dearest Shepherd! oh, receive
One who feels his depth of woe,
And is struggling hard to leave
All the world's deceitful show.

CHRISTIAN JOY.

Oh, I have spent a pleasant day,
  Rejoicing in the Lord,
With those who love to sing and pray
  In brotherly accord.
The cheerful scene revives my heart
  For brighter joys to come,
When I can bear my humble part
  In an eternal home.

But oh, 'tis sweet, while here below,
  To meet in such employ,
Among the good who seek to know
  Their everlasting joy!
How sweetly swells the voice of prayer!
  How sweetly, too, the song,
When angels come with blessings there,
  And bid the weak be strong.

If joys like these on earth I find—
  Where sin hath wrought such harm—
To comfort thus a troubled mind,
  With an unfailing balm,
Oh what shall be the joys that wait
  The soul in realms of bliss,
When it shall pass the crystal gate
  That shuts that world from this!

Soon will the ills of life depart—
  Soon every pang be o'er—
And angels bear my waiting heart,
  To Jordan's farther shore.

Then let the few remaining days
I have on earth to spend,
Be spent in my Redeemer's praise,
In songs that never end.

THE HOME BEYOND THE SKY.

They say there's a home beyond the sky,
A home for all the blest,
And I long to go there when I die,
Where righteous spirits rest.

When I think how earthly hopes have failed—
Of sorrow, pain and care—
I dream of that home from mortals veiled,
And long to be resting there.

Beyond the sky where Jesus is,
There is a home for me,
If he is mine and I am his
When death shall set me free.

Erelong, I'll say to all farewell,
When death his message brings,
And home I'll go with Christ to dwell,
As my poor spirit sings:

Oh, yes! there's a home, a happy home,
For the righteous when they die,
And I long to dwell in that happy home,
That home beyond the sky!

PARDON FOR ME.

Oh how my dear Saviour yearns for my soul,
And longs to remove sin's deepest laid stain,
That when the long years of eternity roll,
In glory's bright realm my spirit may reign.

For pardon, dear Lord, I hasten to Thee;
Direct my frail steps just as I should go;
For while in Thy hand my own I can see,
My spirit in faith still stronger will grow.

O, Love everlasting! Now I can see
What made my dear Saviour leave his bright throne!
He came in his love with pardon for me,
And calls me his child, his loved and his own.

There's pardon for me, yes, pardon for me!
My Saviour has pardon for me!—
Has pardon for all—has pardon complete,
Which is found alone at his mercy seat.

THE PILGRIM'S CALL.

Weary pilgrim, are you going
To your Saviour's heavenly home?
Long his mercy has been flowing—
He has called you, pilgrim come!
Hear him calling still to glory!
Now he bids you seek his face!
O, poor pilgrim! hear his story,
And give up your empty chase.

Things are ready," hear him crying,
"Come, the feast is for you all!"
But he suffers! See him dying!
See! he drinks the bitter gall!
Hear his groan upon the mountain!
See the soldiers pierce his side!
Pilgrim, wash you in that fountain,
'Twas for such as you he died.

Now I ask you are you going?
Will you wash your eyes and see?
Still for you that blood is flowing—
Come and start for heaven with me.
If you tarry you're in danger—
Christ may give your spirit o'er;
Now he welcomes you, a stranger,
Come and worship—doubt no more.

CHRISTIAN DUTY.

Go, christian friend, speak to that man,
And tell him death is nigh;
Speak free thy mind and of him ask,
"Art thou prepared to die?"

His mind is filled with vanity,
Nor heedeth he his end;
Pray God in earnest for his life,
He may conviction send.

Ah! who can tell what mighty power
May follow secret prayer?
Or when some slighted means may bring
A true repentance there?

Salvation's cup is running o'er,
That all may drink who will;
Invite him, then, to heed the voice
That makes the offer still.

Fear not to bear a sharp reproach,
Nor shrink at scorn or shame;
Go to him as a *dying man* –
This well may be thy name.

Christ felt no shame to die for thee,
Though he from heaven came;
Then have no fear, O man! Fear not
To bear for him the same.

I WANT TO BE THINE.

I know I am not what I ought to be,
My heart is so sinful and wild,
But help me, O Jesus, in coming to Thee,
To be an obedient child.

Ah! how can I stand in Thy presence at last,
When angels shall bear me away,
So wicked I've been through the long, long past!
Forgive me, dear Saviour I pray!

But sweet is thy voice to the young of thy flock,
As o'er the rough hillsides they roam,
To hear it invite to that sheltering rock,
Where sins and temptations ne'er come.

Oh, help me, dear Saviour, to struggle once more
Against my dark passions that rise;
Relieve me of fears as I near the bright shore,
And give me a home in the skies.

JESUS CALLS ME.

Jesus calls me, I must go,
Oh, I cannot stay away!
All is lost full well I know,
If the call I disobey.

'Tis his winning voice I hear,
Speaking comfort to my soul,
Full of pity, love and cheer—
May it all my thoughts control.

Life without a Saviour near,
Dark, indeed, must ever seem;
All its pleasures vain appear,
Every hope an idle dream.

Journey though I may alone,
Fears perplex and cares annoy;
Be the way to me unknown,
He will give the crowning joy.

Then to Jesus I will go,
With him leave my heart of sin,
Till his pard'ning blood shall flow,
Cleansing every thought within.

Oh, his presence, how benign!
What a joy his promise gives!
May his blessing e'er be mine—
He, my Saviour, ever lives!

THE SPIRIT'S CALL.

I hear the Holy Spirit's call:
"Come hither, sinners, one and all;
Come while there's room, yea, room to spare,
While Jesus waits your sins to bear.

"Come, cast your burdens at the feet
Of Him who sits on mercy's seat;
Whose hand is sure to guide aright,
And boasting foes o'ercome in fight.

"A war must be a Christian's life;
The Lord the leader in the strife;
But when fierce battles fill the plain,
He puts to flight and claims the gain."

The Spirit calls! Then let us go,
Upon the field our bravery show,
The conflict pass, and for a prize
Receive a home in Paradise.

DISCOURAGEMENT.

Shall we discouraged turn away,
And not our Master's will obey?
Though all may seem so dark around,
Can not a Saviour's love be found?

He is our help if him we trust,
Weak, feeble creatures made of dust,
And he delights in those who cry
To him for comfort from on high.

He is a King, but condescends
A King well-pleased to comfort friends;
Then why such fear to trust his arm,
Or at his waiting feel alarm?

Soon will he come and comfort bring,
With powers of an eternal King;
Then will his saints in hope rejoice,
And songs of praise fill every voice.

We must not rest on what we've done;
The holy work has just begun;
But labor on till life shall close,
And bring the promised sweet repose.

Then let us all fresh courage take,
The world itself will soon awake,
When we our burdens each shall bear,
And raise the true prevailing prayer.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

I see a crowd, up Calvary's mount,
Ascend in motion slow;
Among them all I one can count,
Who not a sin can show.

He sadly treads the quaking ground,
A prisoner in chains,
Although the earth proclaims around,
That He, Jehovah, reigns!

Upon a cross I see him hang—
A thief on either side –
Enduring death's most fearful pang,
While graves are opening wide.

Its tortures doth he meekly bear,
And to his Father cry:
"These men regard with tender care,
Though they thy will defy."

See! With a spear they pierce his side!
It draws his vital blood,
And from that wound will ever glide,
An all atoning flood.

O sinner, 'twas for you alone,
That precious blood was shed;
Within it wash your heart of stone,
And fill with love instead.

ARISE AND SING.

(Isaiah, 49 : 13.)

Arise and sing, ye stars that shine,
The great Jehovah's name,
And join, O earth, the song divine,
Your Maker's love proclaim!
And, O ye mountains, raise your songs,
While sing the hosts of heaven;
Yea, praise the Lord to whom belongs
All praise by mortals given;

For he hath comforted with grace
The lowly of his flock,
Which still is flowing from his face
Like water from the rock:
And in affliction doth he give
His never-dying love,
Assuring those who rightly live,
Of a glorious rest above.

COME TO JESUS!

Come to Jesus!
Pardon still he offers free!
Sinner, seek that precious blessing,
He will surely give it thee.

Come to Jesus!
Long he's tarried at your door;
But no longer keep him waiting,
Lest his patience soon be o'er.

Come to Jesus!
Hear his gracious spirit call!
Tarry not! Oh, flee from danger!
Soon the night of death will fall.

Come to Jesus!
He will calm your anxious fears;
Come and bring your wounded spirit—
Weeping sinner, Jesus hears.

Come to Jesus!
Then how happy you will be!
Life eternal and salvation,
Is the offer still to thee.

THE RICH YOUNG MAN.

A rich young man to the Saviour once came,
Seeking relief from a busy world's strife,
Asking, as he called the dear Saviour by name,
"Lord how can I gain eternal life?"

The Master looked on him with a yearning heart,
But pitied his knowledge of wisdom and truth;
He surely believed he had done his whole part,
By keeping the laws unbroken from youth.

"Go sell that thou hast," was the Master's reply,
"And give to the poor, if thou perfect would be;
For thus canst thou lay up a treasure on high,
And then canst thou come and follow me."

How sad was the rich young man when he heard
How his dearly loved idol must be cast away!
He heard the command—'twas the Saviour's word—
Reject it was death—'twas life to obey.

That voice is not dead, nor yet the command,
And many a man is sorrowful still;
Obey, or none in the kingdom shall stand—
There's life or there's death awaiting thy will.

A PRAYER.

Lord, I would praise thy name, and sing
The wonders of thy hand;
I would rejoice in thee my King,
And work at thy command.

Thy servant gladly would I be,
And thou wilt own me such,
If consecrate I all to thee,
Though sin may tempt me much.

Thy strength I need, O Lord, my God,
To bear reproach and shame,
To bear the chastenings of thy rod,
To call upon thy name.

In mercy teach my sinful soul;
Guard it from every ill;
Yea, touch it with thine altar's coal,
That it may love thee still.

My prayer is weak. But thou wilt hear
If faith bears up my heart;
Then will thy spirit draw me near,
Where, gracious Lord, thou art!

WHEN WE GET HOME.

When we get home where Jesus is,
And hear his friendly greeting,
Our souls will feel a heavenly bliss,
In such a joyful meeting.

So long in this dark world we've stayed,
We feel an anxious longing,
To see that home without a shade,
The ransomed souls are thronging.

If doubts arise, or courage fail,
At every ill-made story,
Death soon will lift the mystic veil,
And bear us home to glory.

Then, happy souls, to Jesus raise
Your songs with cheerful voices,
And sing those home-endearing lays,
While every heart rejoices.

We soon shall be from sorrow free;
Our happy home we're nearing;
Our Father's call invites us all—
Oh! blessed thought, how cheering!

WHAT HAVE I TO DO?

Is there nothing great or small
  That's left for me to do?
Has my Jesus paid it all,
  The wondrous debt I owe?

When from heaven above he came
  For sinful man to die,
And his cross became my shame,
  "'Tis finished," was his cry.

What was finished in that cry?
  That I my work had done?
"Turn, O turn, why will ye die!"
  Ah! that's the work we shun.

All through life deceiving sin
  Will whisper as we fall,
"Fold your hands and you will win,
  Since Jesus paid it all."

But, O mortal! watch and pray,
  For you have much to do;
Labor hard the debt to pay,
  The wondrous debt you owe.

Jesus died for all—
  That's the debt you owe:
Jesus died for great and small;—
  To him the debt you owe.

UNION.

O Lord! Thou Maker of this frame,
Unite these wayward hearts of ours!
Break down the walls of Satan's claim,
And bring to naught his cruel powers.

Without thine aid what can we do?
How can our hearts united be?
But here we are! O Lord, renew
That chain of love we long to see.

Awake the spirit of thy Church,
Now sinking from its wonted stand;
Bear up the hearts that feign would search
The great highway to Canaan's land.

The tie has loosed that bound the hearts
Of men, who should united rise;
Stoop down, O Lord, till discord parts,
And join once more those heavenly ties.

Reclaim those rebels to thy cause,
Who curse the way thy saints have trod;
With thine own hand enforce the laws
That teach such hearts thy ways, O God!

Weak are thy servants here below;
Too oft by sinful passions led;
But once they strove thy name to know,
Till sin their hearts to discord wed.

Then condescend, thou gracious God,
And union breathe in every heart;
With mercy bear the chastening rod,
To those who rend the chain apart.

WORLD UNKNOWN.

My longing soul would fly,
Away from earth afar,
To brighter worlds beyond the sky,
Where holy spirits are.

There is a land unseen—
Unsearched by mortal eye,
Whose fields are spread with living green,
Where spring is ever nigh.

What beauty lies untold,
In that bright world above,
Whose joys exceed the worth of gold,
And none deceitful prove.

That is the land I seek;
'Tis there I long to go;
But hark! I hear my Saviour speak,
"There yet is work to do."

Then patiently I'll wait,
Till Christ, my Lord, shall come;
Then, casting off this mortal state,
Arise to heaven my home.

THE NEW TREASURE.

A richer treasure I have found
  Than California's purest gold,
Nor was it sunk beneath the ground,
  Like glittering dust that's bought and sold;
It needed not the toil and care
  Of those who dig the precious ore;—
None labor unrequited there;
  'Tis truly an exhaustless store.

'Twas in the vale Humility,
  I sought at last the costly prize,
And while in prayer I bowed the knee,
  It came from worlds beyond the skies.
As one distressed, I felt relieved
  With such a gift of grace divine,
And from the peace I then received,
  A happier lot has since been mine.

CHRIST OUR INTERCESSOR.

O precious Saviour, plead my cause,
  Before an injured Father's face,
Though I have long transgressed his laws,
  And feel I am a hopeless case.

For thou didst leave a royal throne,
  A ransom for us mortals poor;
But I, unwise, have failed to own
  That thou wert knocking at my door.

What shall I render for that love,
Which thou hast shown so great to be,
In leaving that bright world above,
To die upon the cursed tree?

But for me thou art pleading still,
For one so loth to own thy name;
Subdue my passions to thy will,
And reconstruct this heartless frame.

I cannot give my soul to rest
In such rebellion, Lord, to thee!
Suppress this fire within my breast,
Then from these passions I am free.

THE HOME I AM WAITING FOR.

There's a home I am waiting for,
Mortal eye ne'er hath seen,
Better far than the present one,
Where joys reign supreme:—
A home where the weary
Who toil here in pain,
There shall meet and weep never—
No, never again!

There's a home I am waiting for,
In the bright realms of day,
Where the sunshine of Righteousness
Shall ne'er pass away;
And there white-robed spirits
In peace ever reign,

For they meet and weep never—
No, never again!

There's a home I am waiting for,
Just beyond death's dark door,
And my Saviour will meet me there,
Where sighs come no more!
How sweet are the pleasures
We there shall obtain,
When we meet and weep never—
No, never again!

There's a home I am waiting for,
And how soon I shall go
To that land up in glory bright,
No mortal can know.
There loved ones are waiting
To sing their sweet strains,
Where we meet and weep never—
No, never again!

Oh! there's rest in that mansion of love,
In that beautiful home above!
No sorrow nor care
Ever enter there,
In that beautiful home above!

CHRISTIAN HOPE.

Soon will the day arrive—
That day of sacred joy—
When saints will see their Lord alive,
Whom Jews could not destroy.

But, mid the the torturing pains
Of earthly toil and care,
They daily feel the fretting chains
Of sin's deluding snare.

Dejected and distressed,
They wrestle with those powers,
And sigh that while in search of rest,
They find such trying hours.

Oh for the end when all
Corroding cares shall cease
To torture souls, and drown the call
Of Him who comes in peace!

Dear Saviour! burst the bars
Of death's unyielding door,
And let thy people shine like stars
With thee forever more.

THE GLORIOUS TIME COMING.

Oh! the glorious time is coming,
When the righteous hence will go,
Where the Saviour, gently calling,
Crowns immortal will bestow.
There are garments white and shining,
Golden harps and joyous song,
Where the sunbeams ne'er declining,
To the happy saints belong.

There the happy, happy spirit
Feels an everlasting joy;

Singing angels hovering near it,
Blest redemption's songs employ.
Oh! the world of beauty blazing
Where such happy spirits go,
Mortal tongue, with all its praising,
Never can those beauties show.

Yes, the glorious time is coming;
Trumpets soon will sound the day,
When this world will cease its humming,
And the righteous flee away.
Flee away? Yes, up to Jesus,
Round his throne to stand and sing,
Who from death's dominion frees us,
Where eternal anthems ring.

MEET ME IN HEAVEN.

Companions, standing round my bed
Where now I lie by sorrows riven,
Shed not a tear above my head,
But meet me up in heaven.

Oh, let not life so idly burn,
Nor call thy pleasant road too even,
But at the feet of Jesus learn
How we can meet in heaven.

Though ye are mortals born to die,
To unseen shores by tempests driven,
Uplift the blood-stained cross on high,
That we may meet in heaven.

When righteous thoughts shall fill each heart,
And loose the fettered spirit's burden,
Then may we know we only part,
To meet again in heaven.

REST.

My soul is filled with love—
Joy unexpressed!
A charm I have above,
That makes me blest:
A lovely world I see,
Where are saints from sorrow free—
How happy I shall be
There, there to rest!

When all my toils are o'er,
And I'm released,
I'll leave this stormy shore
For Jesus' breast;
Oh! how my soul will fly
Up where pleasures never die,
To dwell with God on high,
Where all is rest!

Oh! I am happy now,
Though once distressed;
Angels in glory bow—
They love that rest!
Dear Jesus now come nigh,
Hear me raise my feeble cry,
"Receive me when I die,"
O blessed rest!

JESUS COMING.

I hear a summons from afar
That tells me I must die!
Soul, art thou ready? Jesus' car
Is coming through the sky.

'Twill soon appear, and thou must go
Where other spirits dwell;—
Must ford that stream whose solemn flow
No mortal tongue can tell.

A mystic veil thou canst not pierce,
Is o'er the future cast,
And foes may press thee long and fierce,
But peace will come at last.

Let no discouragement arise—
The end is drawing near,
When Christ will come, and in the sky
Triumphantly appear.

SAINTED YOUTH.

That youthful form is now at rest!
Peace for its pillow! Oh how bless'd!
It sleeps in death unto the Lord;
It finds in heaven a saint's reward.

Should parents mourn the loss, though dear?
Or for it shed a bitter tear?
Should mourning friends weep all their days,
That scheming death thus youth waylays?

Go weeping friends to death's domain;
See wearied saints released from pain;
See Christian warriors dare to die;
See blooming youths ascend on high.

Farewells are said but for a space,
Till ends with us this earthly race!
Then shall we meet on Canaan's shore,
Where friend meets friend to part no more.

Confide we then our trust with God;
Soon must we lie beneath the sod,
Till angel trumps shall fill with joy,
The souls no death-sting can destroy.

RELIGION IN YOUTH.

While youth and beauty glow divine,
  Is life's best time to serve the Lord;
Alas for this poor soul of mine,
  What can it have for its reward?

Shame for its part! Dismay and shame!
  What weight of guilt upon it springs!
No honor added to that name,
  Whose love all nature loudly sings!

Ashamed of Christ? Ah! can it be
  That I his name refuse to own?
Am I too young to bow the knee,
  To supplicate before his throne?

Those just commenced in life's brief race,
  Have they no heavenly praise to sing?

Have they no need of saving grace?
For Christ no tribute can they bring?

When in the flesh he dwelt below,
He little children took and blest,
And his commands all plainly show
That for his service youth is best.

But well I know what I must do,
Since precious years have counted naught,
Else time will bear me idly through,
And endless woe be all I've sought.

"Remember in thy youthful days,"
I hear the Holy Spirit say,
"To sing thy great Creator's praise,
Nor with his truths e'er trifling play."

CHILDREN'S PRAISE.

Come, children, come to Jesus,
For youth, like a tender flower,
Doth need his protection, love and care,
To shield in temptation's hour.

There's beauty in the morning,
When earth seems so bright and fair;
But brighter the morning-time of life,
When leaning by faith on prayer.

What though gay birds may warble,
In forest, on hill or plain!
Far sweeter the songs the children raise
To Jesus—for sinners slain.

Then praise the Lord, ye children!
In songs let your voices swell!
He gives to his people joy and peace,
And rest where the righteous dwell.

Come, come, oh! come to-day,
Ere youth by disease is shaded;
Come, children come, ere life's last ray
For thee has forever faded.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

O welcomed day that greets us here,
We love its sacred rule,
And at this early hour appear
Within the Sunday School.

While pleasant thoughts essay to grow,
Let cares retreating roll;
Let every heart with fervor glow
To meet in Sunday School.

How sweetly sounds the Sabbath bell,
Awaking many a soul,
As echoes bear to hill and dell
A call to Sunday School.

While some in sin and folly stray—
Companions of a fool—
Let us, unceasing, watch and pray,
And love the Sunday School.

The Bible is a fountain clear,
Of waters fresh and cool,

Reviving those, from year to year,
Within the Sunday School.

God speed the time when thirsting lands
Shall bear this sparkling pool;
When heathen nations, clasping hands,
Shall bless the Sunday School.

Then let us all united bow
Around the Lord's footstool;
And of him ask, yea, ask him now,
To bless the Sunday School.

THE PLACE FOR ME.

There is a place where children go,
And learn to bow the knee
To Him who gives his saints below
A joy the world can never know,
And that's the place for me.

The Sunday School is just the place
Where children ought to be,
And learn in early life to trace
The precious fount of saving grace,
And that's the place for me.

'Tis there that all, in holy song,
Are making melody;
Where children gather fresh and strong,
To aid the heavenly strains along,
And that's the place for me.

When humming voices soft and sweet
In lessons all agree,
The Spirit comforts those who meet,
With blessings from the mercy seat,
And that's the place for me.

THE CHILDREN ARE COMING.

The children are coming to Sunday School,
And so sprightly are marching along,
It's surely no task in the morning cool,
To hasten away to the Sunday School,
With such a pure-hearted young throng.

From mountain and valley they're gathering there,
And their greetings how cordial and free!
Such smiling sweet faces they always wear,
And flock in such crowds to the house of prayer,
Oh, who would not one of them be!

How happy such children must be to learn,
Every Sunday, from God's holy word,
The way of salvation so many spurn,
And bid the loved Spirit a glad return,
Where Sunday School lessons are heard.

O children, be careful and ne'er do wrong,
As to Sunday School early you go!
Praise God with the heart in the morning song;
In prayer be attentive; in faith be strong;
And thus in true holiness grow.

HUMOROUS.

THE TIPLER'S COMPLAINT.

When I was fond of whisky and drank it all the time,
My clothes had many tatters—my pockets not a dime,
And often in the gutters, as limpsy as a string,
I lay in mud and water, and heard the demons sing:
Get up! get up brother, and drink a little more!
Then hurry home, hurry home, as tipsy as of yore!
Get up! get up brother, and wet your throat with rum,
Then what a row you will make, going—going home!

I used to go out evenings as many good men do;
My wife and squalling children I left to squall it through;
I loitered round the corners, round cellars for the dry,
Till tumbling o'er the railing I heard the tiplers cry:
Get up! get up, &c.

I visited the bar-room and drank a bowl of slop;
Soon all the chairs and tables were buzzing like a top;
In such a great commotion I tried to right the thing,
But over went I backwards, and heard the goblins sing:
Get up! get up, &c.

The landlord in a passion just threw me out of door,
As was his usual custom when I'd been there before;
And, heedless of my landing, his boot came into play—
Upon my rear impressing what all the demons say:
Get up! get up, &c.

One night a crazy lamp-post came tumbling on my head,
And chucked me on the sidewalk just like a loaf of bread.
Oh! what a startling vision came floating in a ring,
With spangled stars a dancing to hear the devils sing:
Get up! get up, &c.

'Twas three o'clock of morning they started me for home;
The wheelbarrow kept a creaking to tell the folks I'd come;
They left me on the doorstep to find my way to bed,
While devils kept a screaming, and this is what they said:
Get up! get up brother, and drink a little more!
Then go to bed, go to bed, as tipsy as of yore!
Get up! get up brother! you'd better far be dead,
For what a row your wife will make when you go to bed!

GETTING UP IN THE MORNING.

They say the sweet birds are early to rise,
Quite early to rise in the morning;
But if the sweet birds think it makes them more wise,
Why, let them take midnight for morning:
But as for myself, with my poor aching head,
I care not for coaxing or scorning,
For oh! oh dear! how much I do dread
This getting up early in the morning.

Had I such a voice as has the black crow,
Or eyes like an owl at day dawning,
I would not be beat by such feathers I know,
Nor lie abed late in the morning.

But think of the rain—of a soft feather bed—
Of clothes nearly all in the pawning;
No wonder, then, so much I should dread
This getting up early in the morning.

I care not though weeds grow taller than trees,
Though birds think they give me fair warning,
Though crows do their best, and the owls as they please,
I'll take my own time in the morning.
Then let the rains pour, and the snows pile or spread,
And delving old misers keep scorning,
Yet no one knows how much I do dread
This getting up early in the morning.

ALWAYS MIND YOUR MA.

Come listen boys and I will tell
A secret well worth knowing,
How any boy who minds it well,
May always right be going.

Perhaps, my boys, you're almost men,
And are for freedom panting;
But don't forget your mother when
The world seems most enchanting.

No matter, boys, how big you are—
Though big as any giant,
You're not too big to mind your Ma,
Then don't be so defiant.

Just notice, boys, how many men
To prison cell have speeded,
Who'd ne'er have seen that dismal den
Had mother's words been heeded.

Then hurrah! my boys, hurrah!
Merrily laugh ha! ha!
For the wonderful secret all should know,
As journeying on through life we go,
Is, *always mind your Ma!*

DON'T VALK MIT DIE GIRLS.

Von night I valked home mit eines girl,
Und ven she came were vas der door,
She valked herself right straight mitin,
Und shut it, shust as it vas shut pefore.
She valked herself mitin
Der kitchen, or somevere,
Und left me all alone
Out on die curb-stone dere.

I took her for vone pooty girl,
Mit sandy hair so fresh und green,
Und mit two eyes like chestnut coal—
I really dought herself might pe my queen.
But ven she shot right drough
Like blitzen so der door,
I sighs:—"Good py, my Miss,
I vill not come no more."

Dot night vas dark as dark could pe;
I could not see her very mootch;

She be so shy as von small mouse
Dot runs so quick you scarce can never tooch:
Und ven she shot mitin
So very quick dot door,
I only dought: —"Old gal,
You've done it now, I snore!"

I knowed she sawed me — or she might—
Shust as we passed vone great pig lamp-post;
She turns her 'bout—I valks pehind—
Und says, "Go vay, old man, you pe vone scamp most!"
Und den, oh how she flied!
Und how I flied too!
But ven she reached der door,
She flied herself right drough,
(*Und left me outside*)

Vile sitting on dot curb-stone dere,
I dought:—"Now I pe von pig fool,
To dink dot girl should care for me,
Ven I've been dreated so confounded cool."
I takes mine head from out
Mine silken, pever hat,
Und says:—"Good py, old gal,
I von't care for you now, no more dan for an old, pig, ugly, cross-eyed, plack cat."

Oh never valk, den, mit die girls,
For ven dey reach deir fader's door,
Dey valk all py demselves mitin,
Und shut it, shust as it vas shut pefore.

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